

Mrs Amy Post

SPiritualist AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

VOL. I.—NO. 12. [E. V. WILSON.]

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THE OLD TRYSTING PLACE.
Within my heart dreams of far-distant days
Are shut like pictures in some clasped tome,
Sad memories and sweet, that wake always,
Whene'er these woods I roam.

For here it was I met her first—and last,
And here was held our soft communions all,
That embalmed, memory-treasured past
I now in thought recall.

If I could meet and greet herein to-day,
A dear, dear soul, as in a day gone by,
There is no man in God's wide world could say
He was more blest than I.

But ah, it cannot be, it cannot be!
For she who met me here in days of yore,
Gone from our sphere, O great, good Lord, to Thee,
May tryst me nevermore!

COMMUNING WITH THE DEAD;
OR, WHAT A CHICAGO TIMES REPORTER SAW
AND HEARD AT MOTT'S HOUSE,
MEMPHIS MO.

When the investigator arrived in Memphis, Mr. Mott was resting. He had given a seance the evening before, and for some nights previous, without intermission, and he desired on that night to do nothing, so that his physical energies might be in a measure recuperated. It was therefore arranged that the first seance should be held on the following evening. During the remainder of the day the investigator had an opportunity to examine into the character of the people and the nature of the surroundings, and to make a thorough search about the premises. Nothing could be discovered out of the way. The cabinet was overhauled and searched inside and out. Panels were looked for, but everything was apparently as firm as the good Deacon Clapper could make it. The remainder of the day was passed interviewing various persons, and deriving all the information needed regarding the manner in which Mott had displayed his peculiar powers.

The first seance was held on the second evening after arriving in Memphis. At 7 o'clock the gentlemen who were staying at Mr. Pitkin's house made their way to the residence of Mr. Mott, and were ushered into the sitting-room. Amongst the party were Mr. Summers, of Chicago, the *Times* investigator, Judge Frank Tilford, a leading lawyer of Salt Lake, who had arrived the evening previous, and had come for the express purpose of witnessing the phenomena; Dr. Wiggins, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Mr. James L. Lessinger, a stock dealer, who lives in Iowa; Mr. Robert Houston, a mail agent on the Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska railway; Mrs. Dr. Walker, of St. Louis; a Mr. Morgan, of St. Louis, agent for Snider, Holmes & Co., of that city; a Mr. Slater, of Iowa, and one or two others. The *Times* investigator was acquainted with but one person present before reaching Memphis, and had known the others but a few hours. Mr. Summers had formed their acquaintance in the same manner. Neither knew anything about the friends the others hoped to see. There was no collusion, and could have been none in this particular.

Before Mott was placed in the cabinet it was again thoroughly examined, and the medium fastened with a pair of handcuffs from the county jail. He then took his seat in his chair, and the *Times* investigator fastened him with tapes and cords in such a manner that the slightest displacement would be at once apparent when the seance was over. In the opinion of all present,—and all were thoughtful, honest men, who had come from various sections of the Union, without any preconcerted plan, and were acting individually in the matter,—the precautions taken were amply sufficient. Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin were also in the circle. Mrs. Mott was sick, and had lain down.

The cabinet door was closed, and the circle formed, all joining hands, except the newspaper man, who kept his hands free most of the time to take notes of the performances. The lamp was placed on the floor at one side of the bureau, and the wick turned down so that the room was flooded with a mild twilight. The

impressiveness of the situation became at once apparent to all, and the quiet was only broken by Mr. Pitkin, who said:

"Kind friends, we are not very good singers, but we will join in some familiar air, and would be pleased to have you all help us. It produces harmony of mind, and assists in the materialization."

With that the entire circle joined in the old song:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling-place there."

The singing had progressed some time, when there was a ringing sound heard, first in the cabinet and next in the air above the sitters' heads, and the next instant the bell fell to the floor at the feet of Mrs. Walker, who, turning to the reporter, observed:

"It is very strange, but the bell never hits anybody. I have witnessed the same thing many times."

Again the singing went on, and in about five minutes the curtains at the aperture parted and a face appeared. It immediately receded, and a hand was projected. Mr. Pitkin at once arose, and, stepping to the aperture, said:

"Kind spirit friends, what can we do for you?"

"Is there anything wrong in the circle?"

There was a whispered sound, which the sitters did not catch, when Mr. Pitkin said:

"The light is a little too strong. Will you please turn it down a little more?"

The light was accordingly turned down, and the singing again went on.

In a moment more a face protruded from the aperture, and remained there an instant, as though desirous of giving all a fair view.

Mr. Pitkin again arose and walked to the aperture, saying:

"Ah, General, how do you do this evening? Kind friends, this is General Bledsoe. General, would you like to see any of the sitters this evening?"

"Yes," was the whispered response.

"Please tell me who you wish to see, General."

"I would like to see Judge Tilford," was the response.

Judge Tilford immediately went to the aperture, and was saluted by the materialized form with Masonic signs, and held a brief conversation with him, the ghost retiring behind the curtain when conversing. The substance of the conversation, as was afterward related to the *Times* reporter, was concerning friend of the Judge who would appear that evening, and his name was given in full; also advice regarding Masonry, of which society the Judge is a member, and to which the medium Mott does not belong. Signs were given which only a Mason can know. Before leaving the aperture the form shook hands with Tilford, and wished him good evening, as pleasantly as could any living person.

The next to go up and be introduced to the General was the *Times* investigator. As he stepped to the aperture there was no face visible, but upon being called it made its appearance, coming out of the opening several inches, and immediately receding. It was like the face of a corpse; its eyes were closed, but the features were round and well defined. It was the face of a handsome man with a death-like pallor. It wore a heavy black moustache, and its hair was also dark. Advancing to the aperture, the reporter was introduced, the General greeting him cordially. The following conversation then ensued:

"General, I am pleased to meet you. Can you tell me whether any of my departed friends are here this evening?"

"Yes-s-s," the last letter of the word being held and aspirated.

"Can you tell me who they are, General?"

"Yes-s-s."

"Are any of them here now?"

"Yes-s-s."

"How many?"

"There is one here."

"Please tell me the name."

Here the ghostly whisper sunk so low that no word could be fully understood by the reporter. He took the ear trumpet and inserted it between the curtains, and the ghost endeavored to make itself understood, but without success.

"Will my friends appear to me this evening?"

"Yes-s-s."

The reporter thanked the spirit for his kindness, and was returning, when a hand appeared between the curtains, and the fingers made a beckoning motion.

"The General wishes to see you again," said Mr. Pitkin.

The reporter stepped up to the aperture again, and asked the apparition if he desired to see him, and was answered in the affirmative. There was a moment's pause, when suddenly the reporter was aware that the spirit, man, or devil, whatever it was, was pronouncing a benediction, which for beauty of expression could scarcely be excelled. So suddenly did it come, the reporter did not catch it all. It was concluded with "Amen, amen." The reporter then withdrew, and the seance continued. Others went to the aperture and communed with Bledsoe, and came away saying, "Thank God. That's a test no one can deny. He told me things no living person besides myself knows."

A face appeared and called for his father, B. T. C. Morgan, of St. Louis, who was in the circle. Mr. Morgan went up, but did not have time to converse with him, as Bledsoe again appeared, and made way for the form of a Colonel Baker, who was of the 2d Iowa infantry during the war. This spirit inquired for Captain Houston, who conversed with him, and this gentleman having served in the above regiment, put what he felt to be good tests to the spirit.

Suddenly there came the face of a young lad, who inquired anxiously for his mother. This was the spirit of Jimmie Walker, who, two years ago, suicided by drowning in St. Louis. His mother went up to talk with him, when he suddenly disappeared, and Colonel Baker came back with more messages for Houston.

The next face was that of what might be called a large man, wearing heavy black beard and moustache, and displaying a full white shirt bosom. He inquired for Frank Tilford, who went up and recognized it as the face of a Dr. Craine, who was arrested for criminal abortion in Salt Lake, about a year ago, and who suicided in his cell, but who died declaring his innocence. Judge Tilford held a long conversation with Craine, receiving many tests, the apparition detailing the circumstances of his death, which were all true. He informed the Judge that he would give him a communication on a slate the next day, through Mott's daughter, Essie. The sitters were introduced to Dr. Craine, who kindly showed his face to all and when Dr. Wiggins was presented the apparition beckoned him to come near. He did so, and among other things, the spirit advised him to never be guilty of procuring an abortion.

Jimmie Walker next appeared, and conversed a long time with his mother, Mrs. Walker, who has seen him frequently, feels that it is her son, and talks with him as composedly as though he were there in the flesh. The next apparition was that of one who gave his name as Hill, who had died at Warsaw, Ill. His face was a peculiar one, fringed with heavy black beard, and was entirely different from all the others that had appeared. There were one or two present who knew Mr. Hill when alive, and who recognized him here.

An apparition suddenly appeared, saying his name was Dayton, and that he wanted to see a friend, Mr. Slater. This gentleman, who was a total stranger to all, rose and conversed with the manifestation, but related afterward that the tests were not all correct.

The next figure was that of a female, who was understood to inquire for her brother. Several went up to see if they could recognize it, but could not. The name was then asked,

and it replied, "Emma Summers." The Chicago gentleman then rose and conversed with the presence, but he did not recognize her at first. Repeated tests were made, the figure showing she had died at or near Waukegan. She was dressed in white, and was a beautiful figure. Mr. Summers sat down, but the face appeared again, inquiring for him. He again went up, and conversed for some time, recognizing it as his wife. He then introduced the sitters to her, all of whom, sane men, described her just as the widow saw her.

Suddenly the curtains were parted, and a strange-looking face protruded, much darker than had been the others. Upon inquiry this was found to be the ghost of a Chinaman. The visitors went up and talked to him, but he could answer nothing but a word that sounded like "Chee-chee." The *Times* reporter asked it to permit him to feel its cue, which it very obligingly did, and which felt precisely like any Chinaman's pig-tail, coarse like horse hair. The *Times* investigator took from his pocket a twenty-five cent silver coin, and asked John if he would like it. John held out his hand in response. Holding the money about three inches above the aperture shelf, so that it would fall were there no substance to take it from his fingers, the reporter told the Chinaman to receive it. It was taken from his fingers with all the force that would be expected to be shown by a human being who should suddenly snatch a piece of money from another. An instant later the silver was heard to rattle upon the floor of the cabinet.

The inquiry was made whether the Chinaman would write. Mr. Pitkin said he had done so. Thereupon the reporter tore a leaf from his note-book and placed it with his pencil upon the cabinet shelf, asking John to write him a letter. The apparition suddenly appeared, took the pencil in one hand and the paper in the other, and the next moment the paper was heard inside rustling as though being rubbed against the cabinet walls. John again appeared at the aperture, laid the paper down, and held it with his left hand, while with his right, with the pencil in the peculiar perpendicular position always employed by Chinese, began to write. The pencil could be heard rapidly tracing characters on the paper. When finished, the pencil was laid down, and the figure vanished behind the curtain. The reporter rose, got his letter and examined it. The hieroglyphics are very peculiar, to say the least. Not being a Chinese scholar, he cannot vouch for their genuineness. They will be submitted to an expert for an opinion.

It was related to the reporter that a few weeks ago a San Francisco gentleman was at one of the seances, and that this Chinaman, who had been his servant in life, appeared to him and was identified by him. Since then John has come frequently.

A face next appeared, looked slowly about, and then receded. When asked who it wanted to see, the answer was Dr. Wiggins. The doctor went up, and recognized it, more from the mental tests than the features. It was Frank Smith, who died in Lowell, Henry county, Iowa, about one year ago. He was a miller, and was accidentally killed by falling upon the water-wheel of his mill. After conversing with Dr. Wiggins, the spirit expressed a desire to see Mr. Lessinger, who was in the circle, and who was an earthly acquaintance of the deceased. Upon presenting himself at the aperture, the materialized form slapped Mr. Lessinger's face, and began a hearty laugh. They had been together a great deal in life, and had had many good times in each other's company, Smith having been a jolly fellow. Presently Mr. Lessinger began laughing very heartily. As he afterward related to the writer and one or two others, Smith's sport had brought up several incidents which had happened since Smith's death, and which were very ludicrous.

"You had better stop doing so and so," said the spirit, particularizing some pleasing incidents.

"How did you know I had done so?" in-

quired Lessinger, his sides shaking with laughter.

"God damn your soul, Jim," said the spirit, "there's where we have the advantage over you fellows; we know what you are about, and you don't know what we are doing."

Mr. Lessinger said this was all so true and so naturally said that he couldn't help believing he was talking to Frank Smith's ghost.

The next and the last materialization of the evening was that of a son of Mr. Lessinger, who was drowned on the 7th of last July. His father conversed with him, and said he was positive it was his son, as he told him things which no one else in the circle knew.

After Charlie Lessinger had disappeared, the singing was continued for some time, when a voice was heard from the inside of the cabinet, saying, in broken English:

"Vat the tyful you vant to tie a man up like dis for? By dunder you's better coome and take dese strings off right away, quick."

The door was opened and the *Times* investigator passed in and examined the strings and cords, and found everything just as left. Nothing, apparently, had been disturbed. The fastenings were then cut, and the handcuffs unlocked.

Mr. Hivens—for Mott is supposed to be then laid on the shelf, or to have left the body, which is occupied for the time by the German spirit—queried for a glass of schnapps. The liquor was brought him, and he at once began to find fault with the smallness of the dram. He drank it slowly, and entered into conversation with the gentlemen about him, who had crowded into the cabinet. A curious circumstance occurred that is worth relating. The man from Iowa, named Slater, crowded his way in, as though anxious to get something more than had been communicated to him by the materialization. He said to Hivens:

"Hivens, who was the man who talked to me?"

Without asking the interrogator who he was, Hivens instantly replied:

"Oho, you're dat man vat has coome on de money hunt. You'd better go right away back to Iowa, for you'll never get dat money. Old man Dayton buried it jest were he said he did, and his son Johannes dugged it up. Some day he'll have lots of money, and will say he got it selling cattles and such tings. You'd better go back. You vont get anything for coming down here hunting, for de money ish gone."

Slater slunk out of the cabinet, and left the house. The next day he detailed all the circumstances to the *Times* reporter, and they substantiated everything that Hivens had told him. He had come to discover where the money was.

Comparing notes was the order of the evening after the seance was concluded and Mott had come out of the influence. Sitting about the inviting and cheerful fire-place at Mr. Pitkin's, the experience footed up as follows:

Mr. Summers saw his wife at least a dozen times and introduced her to all present. Says her features were perfect, but that he lacked sufficient mental tests to convince him that it was the materialized form of his wife.

Dr. Wiggins had no doubts as to the identity of Frank Smith.

Judge Tilford would be willing to testify in court as to the identity of Dr. Crane.

James L. Lessinger plainly recognized the features of his son. The spirit had spoken to him concerning things of which no one in the world knew. The sitters did not know Mr. Lessinger's name at the time.

Capt. Houston, who served with Col. Baker, believed it was Baker's spirit, but more from mental tests than features.

Mr. Morgan, of St. Louis, thought he saw his son, but couldn't state positively, as the materialization did not remain more than an instant.

Mr. Pitkin said the face of Gen. Bledsoe was the same that had appeared every night, and was repeatedly recognized by persons who knew Bledsoe.

All who were present stated that the mental tests were most convincing and astounding.

At 7 o'clock on the next evening the circle assembled at the residence of Mr. Mott. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin, Mr. Morgan, Judge Tilford, Mr. Lessinger, Dr. Wiggins, Capt. Houston, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Summers, the *Times* reporter, Mr. Jamison, of the Louisiana (Mo.) *Press*, and a Mr. Moore, both of which gentlemen had arrived that day and secured admission to the sitting. Mr. Slater, who had come to find out about the buried money, had left town.

The cabinet was inspected, but it was not deemed necessary to tie the medium, it being the desire to see what the result would be without his being bound.

The medium was then placed in the cabinet, the door shut, the circle formed, the light turned down, hands joined, and the singing began. In a few moments the door was noticed to move and partially open. What was the astonishment of the sitters to behold in the opening the indistinct, shadowy outlines of a man's form, which Mr. Pitkin remarked was Gen. Bledsoe. A moment later the General retired into the cabinet and shut the door. The singing went on, but it was evident that there was something wrong. Mr. Pitkin arose, and stepping to the aperture, inquired:

"Kind spirit friends, is anything wrong this evening? What can we do for you?"

Gen. Bledsoe whispered to his interrogator, as the latter afterward told the *Times* reporter:

"I wish you would shut that damned window."

Upon examination, the cabinet window was

found to be uncovered, and the moonlight streaming in. Mrs. Mott went out of the room—having been sitting in the rear of the circle—and covered the window from the outside with a heavy cloth. This done, the materializations began as usual.

Gen. Bledsoe came to the aperture first and complained that the light was too high. He soon afterward requested Mr. Pitkin to sing. That gentleman at once struck up "John Brown's Body" in which the rest joined as best they could, the best being but indifferent singers. The General came again, and said to Mr. Pitkin:

"That's damned poor singing." Which terse and ghostly criticism was not far out of the way.

The first spirit, after Gen. Bledsoe, was that of A. Mudd, who was a relative of Abraham Lincoln, and had lived at Ottumwa, Iowa, from which place he departed for the spirit world. He was recognized by one of the gentlemen present, who also communed with him some time.

Suddenly the head of an old lady, wearing a cap as white as snow, showed itself at the aperture. Mrs. Pitkin rose and inquired who she wanted to converse with. The reply was whispered:

"I want to see my son Franklin."

All sat still an instant, when the materialization repeated that she wished to see her son, Franklin Tilford.

Judge Tilford rose, and with reverential air approached the aperture. Upon speaking to her a sound was heard denoting grief. She again appeared at the window, and conversed with her son a long time. As was natural, the scene was an affecting one. This lady died thirty years ago. In 1849 Judge Tilford went overland to California. The materialized figure spoke to him concerning incidents on that trip which no other person in the room knew of; told him of her other sons who were both in the spirit world, and named them. Subsequent to the seance, Judge Tilford told the *Times* reporter that he was named Franklin, but was always called Frank by his acquaintances, and that even his wife did not know his name was other than Frank. When his mother came she at once inquired for Franklin. After bidding her good-by and taking his seat, the face again appeared, as though loath to leave one who was so dear to her.

The next face was that of one who wanted "to see Charles." Mr. Summers at once arose and found it to be the materialization of his wife, just the same as on the first night. He held a long conversation with her.

Mr. Lessinger then saw and conversed with his son Charles, and Dr. Wiggins with Frank Smith. Both were exactly the same as on the first evening; he gave a great number of tests which were considered infallible. Following them came the spirit of a little daughter of Dr. Wiggins, who conversed a long time with her father, telling him her last words, who placed her in the coffin, and other things.

Next came the spirit of Mr. Hill, of Warsaw, who had appeared on the previous evening; next that of a Mr. Hardin, who died at Jefferson City, Mo., and who inquired for Mr. Jamison, and told him all the points of his death correctly; next was the son of Mr. Morgan, of St. Louis, who conversed a long time with his father. Next came an elderly woman, who inquired for her son, Mr. W. D. Moore, of Decatur, Iowa. This gentleman conversed with her a long time, and she was plainly seen by the other sitters. She was dressed, Mr. Moore told the reporter, in a shroud. Next came Jimmie Walker, inquiring for his mother.

Next came a spirit inquiring for his father, and it was responded to by Mr. Jamison, but he found that it was not that of his son, but was Charlie Lessinger. This materialization told his father that he had forgotten to say one thing to him upon his former appearance, and wanted to know if he had bought any hogs this season. Mr. Lessinger told him he had not, whereupon the spirit told him not to do so, for if he did he would lose everything; furthermore, he must not buy a hog this winter, and never engage in any enterprise without first consulting him.

This was the last materialization of the evening, the circle having lasted nearly three hours, as is usual with Mott's seances. The next moment Hivens was heard calling for his position of whisky, and the door was opened, and the light permitted to penetrate the apartment gradually.

The *Times* reporter was taking notes of the performance, when Hivens, with his eyes shut, suddenly inquired:

"Vat you write, eh?"

"I'm writing about you, Hivens."

"Vell, I wish you would tell my bruder-in-law, Philip, to bring my cow and my house and my lot along ven he coomes to spirit land. He stol' em away mit me."

"All right, Mr. Hivens, I presume he'll bring them with him."

The conversation turned on various topics, when one of the gentlemen, forgetting the medium of Mott, addressed him by that name, asking a question. As quick as lightning Hivens responded, turning his head around:

"Mr. Mott, you'd better coome pack and shump in mit yourself, fer dere's a man here vat vants to talk some dings mit you."

When asked where Mott was at the time, Mr. Hivens replied that he was just behind him, and was about as big—meaning his soul—as one of his fingers.

Hivens began joking with his listeners, when the question as to the whereabouts of lawyers and doctors in the other world was brought up. Hivens replied that they had a place for these

men up there, remarking that they had two rows of spirits, each armed with a paddle, standing facing each other, and that it was necessary for every lawyer to run this gauntlet. For the doctors, each was armed with a big pill, which the newly-arrived doctor was obliged to take as he passed through. The imitable manner in which this was told created much laughter, but Hivens put himself right on the record soon afterward by declaring that he was "shaking making jokes;" that it wasn't so.

Upon comparing notes and giving in testimony as to the results of the seance, the opinions were found to stand thus:

Mr. Lessinger was perfectly satisfied that he talked with his son; recognized the features fully.

Mr. Summers received no satisfactory tests from his wife. He had received a slate message that day through Essie that was far more satisfactory to him.

Judge Tilford recognized his mother by her voice and earnest tones. The features were not as perfect as he expected they would be; looked more like those of his grandmother.

Mr. Morgan, a Spiritualist, had fully recognized his son.

Dr. Wiggins recognized Frank Smith by his features; his daughter Jessie gave him satisfactory tests.

Mr. Jamison was perfectly assured, by mental tests, that he had conversed with Hardin.

Mr. Moore recognized Mudd by mental tests. Was also satisfied he had conversed with his mother.

Mrs. Walker could bear testimony to the identity of her son Jimmie.

The third and last seance at which the *Times* reporter was present was fully as satisfactory as were either of the others. It was attended by the same persons who were present at the second evening, with the exception of Dr. Wiggins and Mr. Lessinger, with the addition of Mr. Dysart, editor of *The News*, a paper published in Memphis,—and who now sat for the first time,—Mr. Monroe, of Peoria, and Dr. Tupper, a Spiritualist who arrived that day from Iowa. The seance began at 7:45 o'clock.

As soon as the light was turned down and the singing began, the cabinet door was opened noiselessly and swung so far back that the legs of the medium could be perceived placed upon the stool. The door then swung back, and was latched by Mr. Pitkin. In a few moments it was opened again, and the figure of a small child came to the threshold. The drum, which stood in the way of the apparition, was picked up and thrown into the room. Mrs. Mott arose and asked the child who she wanted to see, and the reply was, "My papa." "What is your name?" was the next question. "Jessie Wiggins," was the reply. "Your papa is not here," said Mrs. Mott, "he went home today." There was then a crying sound heard. This child was a little more than two feet tall. Her face was not distinctly materialized, but her form strongly resembled that of a little girl. It was not nearly as distinct as would have been the outline of a living child placed in the same place, with the same light to fall upon it. A moment later the child retired, and the door was again closed, and latched from the inside.

The first apparition was that of Mrs. Tilford, who, on this occasion, appeared before Gen. Bledsoe. The Judge held a conversation, during the course of which she detailed many new and interesting facts. She asked him to not go away from the aperture, as his father was then endeavoring to materialize, and would show himself if he could. The Judge waited some time, but his father did not come.

The General next came up, and was introduced again to the sitters. The *Times* reporter had, up to this time, received no manifestations whatever, and he thought it a little singular that everybody besides him in the circle, on each evening, had seen their friends and talked with them. He was growing somewhat anxious to see some of his relatives or other friends, and he accordingly stepped up to the cabinet and interviewed the General.

"Gen. Bledsoe, can you tell me why I don't see any of my friends?"

"Yes."

"Why is it?"

"You attend too closely to business while you are here."

[The reporter had each night taken notes of the proceedings.]

"If I let my business go will I see my friends?"

"Yes."

"Why is it they do not come when I am writing?"

"The writing interferes with the materialization."

"How many want to see me, General?"

"There is one here."

"Can you tell me whether it is a lady or a man?"

"It is a young lady."

"Will you tell me her name?"

"Yes; it is —," giving the correct name of a dear dead friend of the reporter.

"Is that so, General?"

"Yes; do you know this —?"

"Yes; is there no one else?"

"There is an old lady with her," replied the General.

"Thank you, General."

"Good night," said the spirit.

Upon taking his seat the reporter laid aside his note-book, but the spirits didn't materialize.

After Gen. Bledsoe had retired, A. Mudd appeared, and was talked to; Rufus Hardin again appeared, and gave Mr. Jamison some further interesting tests, telling him, among other things, how he (Jamison) had been de-

fated in an election some time since; the ghost of Henry Casson, of Peoria, appeared, and conversed with Mr. Monroe, of Peoria; Willie Belknap, son of Secretary Belknap, appeared, and conversed with the sitters, saying he wished to see his father; that he could not get to him; a brother of Mr. Monroe next came; then Mrs. Summers, and talked again with Mr. Summers, reminding him of incidents in her life which he had forgotten. One of the most interesting tests of the evening was when the face of an elderly lady came to the aperture, and upon Mrs. Mott asking who she wished to see, replied:

"I wish to see my son Robert."

"Who is your son Robert?" was the response.

"My son Robert Houston," replied the ghost.

For a moment Mrs. Mott was in a quandary. She knew Mr. Houston, and she thought his mother was alive, and she did not like to give the message to him for fear it would prove that she was alive, and the fallibility of the communications thus disproved. With some trepidation she turned to Mr. Houston and said:

"Mr. Houston, there is a presence here who calls for her son, Robert Houston."

Mr. Houston at once arose and went to the aperture, and held a long communication with the spirit. His mother died about three weeks previously, and he had come to Mott's to get a communication from her. Not a soul in town knew she was dead, and he had delayed his visit in Memphis two or three days, because she did not appear to him at the first circles.

After Mrs. Houston had disappeared, Jimmy Walker came up suddenly and inquired for his mother. Mrs. Walker went up and had a long conversation with him, when she turned to the *Times* reporter and said:

"Mr. —, wouldn't you like to see Jimmie to-night?"

"Yes, if Jimmie would like to see me."

The reporter went up to the aperture and engaged in conversation with Jimmie, who repeatedly showed himself, the conversation at length turning upon the comparative size of the ghost's nose and the reporter's nose. Finally Jimmie said:

"Ma, ma; is this the man you told me about?"

"What man, Jimmie?"

"Why, that man you told me of—the newspaper man?"

"Yes, Jimmie."

"Well, he'd better not put me in the papers,"

"Don't the spirits like to be in the papers, Jimmie?" asked the reporter.

"No, they don't," said Jimmie.

"Ma, ma," he said again, "if that man puts me in the papers I'll sue him."

"What will you sue him for, Jimmie, libel, or slander?" asked the mother.

"I'll sue him for assault and battery," gleefully replied the ghost, and then he chuckled audibly, suddenly poking his face nearly against the reporter's.

For some time the conversation was continued, the ghost and his fleshly caller joking one another. Finally he said:

"Ma, ma; I'll kill that coroner," meaning the St. Louis official who sat upon his inquest.

"What for, Jimmie?" asked the mother.

"Because he stole my button."

"Your button; what do you mean?"

"He stole my gold shirt button, and I'll kill him."

The reporter compared noses again with the ghost, and sat down. After he had regained his seat he told the incidents to a friend, and was laughing over the matter, when Jimmie called to his mother, who was still talking to him:

"Ma, ma; is that newspaper man laughing at me?"

"I guess not, Jimmie."

"Well, if he puts me in the paper, ma, I'll break his head," And then followed a laugh. Finally he said, "Tell that newspaper man that I was only joking with him, ma."

The form of Mrs. Moore again appeared, as upon the former evening, and held a long conversation with her son, who was one of the sitters. Mr. Moore subsequently informed the *Times* reporter that she was crying and kissed her hand to him. He recognized her then fully, as the last time he saw her on earth was in the depot at Washington twenty years ago, when, as he stepped upon the cars and bade her good bye, she burst into tears, and as long as she was in view she was kissing her hand to him.

Then came Jimmie Walker again, and complained to his mother that at his other appearance he had been crowded out of his place by the old lady, Mrs. Houston, the details of which are given above.

The singing went on, and presently a strange face showed itself, which Mrs. Mott, upon inquiry, found to be that of a French girl named Annie Roux, who had committed suicide at Louisiana, Mo. Mr. Jamison, of that place, conversed with her a moment, and substantiated what she had said to him. He could not recognize her, not having been acquainted with her, but was familiar with the circumstances of her demise. This spirit did not remain long, and upon its disappearance the singing was continued, for two or three minutes, but without results, when suddenly the voice of the German control, Hivens, was heard within the cabinet, asking why he was kept shut up in that style. The door was at once opened, the circle broken up, and the light permitted to penetrate the cabinet very gradually. Sitting in the cabinet with two or three others, the *Times* investigator held a conversation with

the spirit of Hivens, which was entertaining in some particulars:

"Hivens," said the reporter, "what occupation do the spirits follow in the world where you are?"

"They have none," was the response, "the spirits are with their friends here all the time, following them wherever they go."

"Where is Mott now, Hivens?"

"He's right back there," replied Hivens, pointing to the back of his chair.

"How does he look?"

"He's about as big as a half-eaten cheese."

"Hivens, do you ever see anything of the spirits of the old apostles, patriarchs, or others?"

"No, I have never seen anything of them. They are in another sphere above me."

"Do they ever visit this earth?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where Jesus Christ is?"

"He's somewhere in the old world. He remains ever there."

"Have you ever seen anything of the spirit of Washington, or any other revolutionary fathers?"

"Yes; but not lately. I tell you they're going to make the bells crack again in two years."

"What do you mean by making the bells crack?"

"They're going to ring the bells."

"You mean the centennial, I presume?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Will they do anything else at that time?"

"Yes; they are going to materialize."

"Hivens, who was it wanted to see me this evening?"

"O, you mean —," giving the correct name; and then he described accurately the person designated.

The conversation on the part of Hivens was in broken English, and very humorous. Others talked with him and got the most satisfactory tests. When asked how long he was going to stay with Mott, he replied that he should stay just as long as Mrs. Mott fought against him; that she was down on him, and he'd stay just to torment her.

The results of the seance are thus summed up:

Mr. Moore, of Decatur, Iowa, believed he saw A. Mudd; recognized the features. Fully recognized the features of his mother. The mental tests were satisfactory to an eminent degree.

Mr. Houston conversed with his mother and Willie Belknap. Did not recognize their features fully. The conversation satisfied him. He was not well acquainted with Willie Belknap.

Mr. James Monroe, of Peoria, conversed with Casson, but did not recognize him, as he was not acquainted with him, but knew of him. Neither did he recognize the features of his brother, John Monroe. Could not understand his conversation.

Judge Tilford recognized his mother more by conversation than features.

Mr. Dysart, editor of the Memphis *News*, conversed with Mudd, and recognized the mental tests.

Mr. Summers conversed with his wife, and recognized her features and was satisfied with her conversation.

All the materializations were seen by all the sitters, many of them conversing with those who were not their friends, simply for the sake of satisfying themselves as to the style of conversation of the average ghost.

There is a diversity of sentiment amongst the people of Memphis as to the cause which produces these manifestations and the part which Mott plays in the same. From the time he began to show that he was possessed of mediumistic powers, many of the citizens of his town attributed all to the operations of the evil spirit, while others explained it to their satisfaction upon the hypothesis of jugglery. None could tell exactly how the jugglery was produced, or state the characteristics of the mechanism employed. The country therabouts could boast of but few Spiritualists; Methodism had a strong foothold amongst the people, and shared the religious honors of the community with the Campbellite or Christian church. Mr. Mott's father divided his time between pounding horses' toes in his little shop, and welding gospel truths, in the most approved style, in the meeting house on Sundays. Mott, the medium, was brought up in his father's faith, but, in his maturer years, had gone over to the Campbellite schism, just before he became aware that he was an instrument for spiritual manifestations. The family of Mrs. Mott had been devout Presbyterians, and she had grown up in that faith. Mr. Pitkin, who had married Mrs. Mott's sister, had long been a Spiritualist, and had stood alone in his belief. He had prospered in worldly goods, and was able to put on a little more style than could many others in the town. Finding that Mott persevered in his mediumistic calling, had circles and seances, and many other of the peculiar gatherings for which Spiritualists are noted; had received communications, produced raps, and last, and most important of all, had brought up spirits in the form which they wore here on earth, then his friends began to turn the cold shoulder to him, and feeling ran quite high. There were threats about this time of mob violence, but they were never executed. When the materializations became a fixed fact, Mr. Mott declared that none of those who had turned upon him when he most needed sympathy and aid should ever come into his house. Despite his precautions, some have smuggled themselves in, finding their curiosity had gotten the better of their

prejudices, and they went away with their minds full of strange notions. There have been many converts to Spiritualism in that section since, through various causes. At present the people who are still opposed to the manifestations, and who have never seen anything of the kind, and do not know what they are talking about, talk in strong terms against Mott, but are able to give no just reason for their opposition, further than that they don't believe in his manifestations and he won't let them see them.

The *Times* investigator found old Mr. Mott, the father of the medium, at his blacksmith shop, wearing a leathern apron, and engaged in shoeing horses. When he became aware that he was waited upon by a representative of the great journal of the Northwest, he dropped his tools and entered into conversation without any hesitancy.

"You are the father of this medium, I believe?" inquired the reporter.

"That's what the people hereabouts say," was the response.

"Have you any faith in the spiritual demonstrations?"

"None whatever."

"Was your son always possessed of mediumistic qualities?"

"No, sir."

"How do you account for it, Mr. Mott?"

"I think it's a humbug, sir, or the work of the devil."

"Have you ever been to one of the seances?"

"No, sir; and I don't intend to go."

"Is your son educated?"

"No, sir; he never would go to school. He was always a quiet boy, and never played pranks on anybody. In fact, he was called 'the judge' by his acquaintances."

"Were you opposed to these manifestations?"

"Yes, sir; I thought he was doing wrong. It looks to me like a money-making affair. Mott's wife is a very selfish woman, and wants but she takes it; and where's the difference?"

"Do you think this has an evil tendency?"

"I do. They would destroy the bible if they could, and believe in the utmost freedom of social life."

"Wouldn't you like to attend one of the seances, Mr. Mott?"

"No, sir; I don't want to have anything to do with it."

The conversation was continued some time in this strain, when the reporter withdrew.

Mrs. Mott's father, Mr. John Knox, who claims to be a lineal descendant from John Knox, the reformer, was next called upon.

He inclines to the belief that Mr. Mott is in earnest in this matter, and would not descend to anything like trickery. He has witnessed the materializations, and is confident that he has seen and conversed with his dead friends.

The man who attends the interests of the railroad company at Memphis is a strong opponent of the Spiritualistic theory, and declares

Mott is possessed of magnetism, psychic force, and the Lord only knows what else. To his mind, the manifestations do not amount to much, although he has never seen them.

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The editors of Memphis had, up to last week, given Mott the go-by. One of them finally attended a seance, and came away with the idea that it was a little strange how such things could be done. The other editor declared it to be hocus-pocus, but thought he would like to get in and witness the operations. The people were down on Mott, he said, because he closed his doors against them.

It was interesting to hear the remarks passed upon Mott by the conductors of the railway train. They took many people to Memphis, they said, who joked considerably as they went up, regarding their prospective communions with the spirits; but, when they came away, each one declared that it "beat the oldest citizen in America." They couldn't understand what should produce this change in sentiment.

Conversing with other citizens of Memphis, the reporter became convinced that there was a strong diversity of sentiment regarding Mr. Mott's mediumship, those who oppose it most strongly being the people who have never attended a seance, and who are entirely ignorant of the manner in which the spirits appear and the truthfulness of the mental tests which are given to the sitters. Now that the excitement is running so high they have a greater anxiety than ever to witness them, but Mott persistently refuses them, saying that if they couldn't come when the doors were open to them they must now stay out.—*Chicago Times*.

From the Banner of Light.

THE MATERIALIZATION EXPOSE.

Every day since Mr. Owen's letter, evidence of the most damaging character has been accumulating, and now I present the readers of your paper with a plain account of the matter as far as it has reached me. The direct evidence of deception, referred to in Mr. Owen's letter, was the appearance of an alleged Katie, put forward as the same we had seen last summer, but whom we agreed was a false impersonation. She came out on the second day of December. On Thursday, the 3d, a gentleman called upon me, and after exacting a promise not to divulge anything at present, he showed me various articles which I knew had been given to Katie King last summer. He said he had been pursuing this matter for some time, and had obtained the evidence, and desired to show it to Mr. Owen. We arranged for a meeting the next day as soon as we saw the articles. The evidence appeared strong

that deception had been perpetrated, and immediately we wrote the Cards which have appeared, and set about getting such evidence as would remove all doubt from the public mind in regard to this matter.

Our informant, who is a well known Spiritualist and a frequent attendant at the seances, told us that the individual who had represented Katie King stated to him that Mr. and Mrs. Holmes found her in very distressing circumstances, and made her an offer of five dollars per night to represent Katie King. In her distress, and not realizing the turpitude of such a procedure, she yielded to them. Mr. Holmes arranged the cabinet in such a manner that, while it would appear honest and fair to all investigators, he could remove one of the boards, which were of black walnut, and substitute another in which there was a secret trap door. By this means he was enabled to make the offer which he did frequently to myself, Mr. Owen and others, that we might examine the partition at any time, bring any one with us, and take off the battens. We did this on several occasions, and invariably found it all right. Mr. Holmes said it was necessary for himself and his wife to sit in the cabinet for some time before a seance "to magnetize it." This afforded an opportunity to remove the sound board and replace it with the other.

As there was considerable suspicion in regard to this partition, it became necessary to do something more; it was therefore proposed that the partition should be examined immediately after a seance. On an occasion when we had a small circle this was to be done, and Mrs. Holmes—who is doubtless a medium for physical manifestations, and who was in the habit of having dark circles prior to those in which we looked for materializations—suggested that we should have a short one at this time. The light being out in the hall, there was no difficulty in introducing Katie through the room door and into the cabinet during the dark circle. The manifestations on that occasion were very satisfactory; she went through all her performances, and, at the close, John King, whom we now know to be a mask made to speak by Mr. Holmes, came to the aperture and said, "We are trying to materialize a spirit, but can't succeed. Perhaps if you put out the light for a few minutes we may be able to." This was done, and Katie had an opportunity to pass out into the hall. We were then invited to examine the partition, which was entirely unscrewed by those present, and ten of us, all who attended, signed a paper stating that it was all right.

On the return of the mediums to this city, in October, Mr. Holmes was sick. I went with them to see several houses. I remarked to them that if they took a house in which the cabinet must be placed against a door or window, I would have nothing further to do with them. We found several with blank walls that would have answered well, but they found some excuse for not taking them. The house they took has a window in the corner where the cabinet is placed—a new cabinet which they have. They proposed to place this out from the window at least eighteen inches, and the same distance from the wall. They sat it out from the window that distance, but against the party-wall. They closed the window shutters and also boarded it up on the inside, but instead of leaving the space open between the cabinet and the window, they closed it with a door, which they said was necessary to exclude the light. This door was always closed, and the table on which the instruments were placed was pushed up against it. From the first we protested against this, urging them to take away that door and put castors on the cabinet, so that it might be removed to any part of the room, and so that persons might see all around it. This they promised many times to do, but failed to do it.

The same Katie that had appeared last summer came for about three weeks; she showed her cross and other presents, and all seemed to be right. A gentleman discovered that the sash had been taken out of the window, so that there was a considerable space between the outside shutters and the boards inside. Some curious person went so far as to push his knife into that window board, and Katie says she was in greater danger than she was willing to be placed in again. She has shown a cut that was made in her dress that night to our informant. She says there was a board in that window that could be easily removed by taking out a screw, the others being blind, and on the inside of that board there were small buttons by which she could fasten herself in. One of the boards of the cabinet was hung upon a pivot, and screwed at the bottom. We are therefore compelled to say that the supposed materializations of the Holmeses are tricks.

I am asked by some who do not understand what the religion and philosophy of Spiritualism is, what are you going to do now? Of course you will give up Spiritualism. To such I reply, as does the student of Christianity, when asked what he will do when he comes to the dark chapter of Judas and his betrayal of his Master: While I mourn over the weakness of humanity, I find in this an evidence of the truth and beauty of Spiritualism. Every good system is liable to be counterfeited; and the better the system the more the danger. The grand ship of Spiritualism, which has brought light and immortality to life, to millions of earth's children, more absolutely and effectually than any other system of religion which the world has had, and which has given unmistakable evidence that a man never dies, moves on more grandly and beautifully than ever before. The barnacles which have clung to her side are dead, forever dead, and in the agita-

tion of the wave of time they will fall off from her side and sink to the bottom of the ocean, while true Spiritualism—the religion and philosophy of life here and hereafter, which runs through all other religions, and is the basis on which they are built—will continue to demand and receive the attention of the thinking minds of the world.

As a medium I would say to my brother and sister mediums all over the world, "Be of good cheer." In twenty-five years of advocacy of Spiritualism, this is the first time I have ever had to expose a so-called medium. I pity those who, having "sown to the wind, are reaping the whirlwind." Truth alone is the mighty bulwark of nations and of men—the basis on which Spiritualism is built—and this eternal rock will never be shaken. The waves of turmoil and confusion may beat about it, but they will only remove the weeds of error and falsehood which may have clung to it, and which alone can die.

H. T. CHILD, M. D.
634 Race street, Philadelphia, Dec. 19, 1874.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.
GIVEN BY EDWARD PALMER, DIRECT FROM HIS
SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

CHAPTER IX.

"See there, Nick," exclaimed Vulcan; "Esaulon is already returning, and Charon is with him. We shall soon have all hands down here. What do you s'pose is up now?"

"I do not know, I am sure," I replied. "Esaulon will soon tell us. What now, Esaulon?" I cried.

"I do not know but they will upset father entirely, they are so enraged."

"Who are so enraged?" I asked.

"Why, Michael, Gabriel, Zophiel—"

"What is the trouble now?" I asked.

"Do not interrupt me, I pray, Nicholas, and I will try to tell you. As I did not overtake Hermes on the way, he had told father a part of his story when I arrived. When I entered father's presence, he was telling him concerning Python. Father was much enraged. 'Doth Python think he can work in secret, and I shall not find him out?' is he so presumptuous that he would take the law from between my feet, and government from my right hand? Did I ordain him that he should beguile the woman to break my commandment, or to lead man into temptation, that he should transgress my ordinance? Behold Python shall suffer that which he devised for the woman; neither shall man be cut off from the earth. As Python has taken to the ground, let that be his dwelling place; let him crawl upon his belly all his days. Though in his enmity against the woman, he pursue her offspring to wound the heel, yet will I give the seed of the woman power over the serpent to turn and bruise his head.' So said father and departed. Now, when the hosts of Heaven, who had assembled to listen unto Hermes, had heard what father declared, many exclaimed: 'Our father is just, and righteous are all his ways;' but others said: 'Though Python has done this thing, is this cause for abating the law, or for restraining its vengeance? Shall Python be able to turn the purpose of our father, that it be not executed? Shall Heaven be without law, and the sons of God without a king?'

"Amid the tumult, Ariel again raised his voice: 'Is it not the law of our father, 'Be ye reconciled unto me'? shall not he who giveth the law, also take it away if he see fit? Let us, as dutiful sons, and loyal subjects of our father, the king, obey his voice, unbind his feeble hands, and bless his holy name.' As Ariel made an end of speaking, father entered and told them he had been to earth; that even as Hermes had reported, the man and woman had partaken of the forbidden fruit; that in consequence thereof he had visited toil upon the man, and pain in child-bearing upon the woman; but upon Python he had placed the curse to forever wear the serpent's form.

"Michael was next to speak: 'O my father, didst thou not make man a little lower than the angels? but now he has become one of us.' 'Yea, father,' added Gabriel, 'and now the man will put forth his hand and partake of the tree of life, and live forever.' 'Aye,' said Zophiel, 'and in multiplying fill the earth with a race of gods.' Salathiel then came to the front: 'Why suffer this evil? why let the transgressors live? O father, let thy command go forth, let the sons of God assemble with armour on, and well equipped, and with Michael at our head, we will go forth to battle; neither will be stay our hands until we have slain the man and woman, and brought Nicholas, bound with chains, into thy presence.'

(Continued on page 118.)

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 16, 1875.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DUPAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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All money orders for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK must be made payable at Chicago post-office, and nowhere else.

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We publish the best Spiritual paper in the West. Will those of our subscribers whose time expires next month renew on reading this? Several of our subscribers have sent on the postage money for the paper. We are thankful for all help in this line; but, readers, your paper will not be stopped because of not sending up the postage. City subscribers will be obliged to make arrangements with the carriers, or pay us one cent a copy for the time your subscription continues, or your paper will not be delivered. This is an unjust legislation against the resident in the city; but it is not of our making. We pay the three cents a pound and put the paper in the post-office.

And now, reader, let it be your business to send up one subscriber each month, and the life of our paper is secured. Is it worthy? We say, yes; and God speed the day when the spirit of love shall unite us in one work—the work of progression here and hereafter.

We received two hundred and thirty-four subscribers between the thirtieth day of November and the third day of January. We candidly expect five hundred more by the first day of May, besides many renewals.

We belong to the band of Spiritualists at work. Come join us; let us have a true Spiritualism, untainted with quackery or impiricism.

We are engaged in working up a home for Spiritualists.

All correspondence must be addressed to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Dupage county, Ill.; all post-office orders payable in Chicago.

Ho! for five hundred subscribers by mail before the first day of May, 1875.

RIGHT ON.

Friends, change becomes you. Jealousy is a dominant feature of life, and marks more people with its baneful effects than any other feature of life. The times are ominous, and the social and public life of the world is in a turmoil. Hate and spleen are plus; love and good will on earth minus. The Church to-day is in a state of foment; ministers are striving to rule the people, and the people are restive under their dictum. We must conform to the advancement of principles; the age of stand-still-ateness is over, never more to return. The age of go-ahead-ateness is at hand, yea, already is. Let us take our place, and march on, right on to victory. Principles, progress, truths, are eternal, and all life is God; hence no life can be lost. All is in God, and God is in all. All things are clean in God; He knows no dirt; it is only the circumstance that is defiled.

Right on, then, to victory—the victory of the soul over error, the triumph of reason over faith, and of knowledge over ignorance; of virtue over vice; of wealth, soul-wealth, over the glitter and clink of gold and silver; of life over death; and thus we win the throne (?)—the throne of manhood, womanhood, true and loyal.

Right on, then, to a perfect knowledge of life—it's wants, aim, object, and culture. Knowledge is God; wisdom, clothed in charity, virtue and truth, is the trinity of Spiritualism. Ignorance is the Devil; superstition, clothed in spleen, coercive measures, and bitterness, the trinity of the Church. Their's an idol

worship, with no progression beyond the stroke called death; our's progression here, hereafter, with the best interest of humanity at heart.

Right on, then, to victory—the victory of the soul over matter, over death in life, forever. On, right on.

SPIRITUALISM AND TWADDLE.

All who have paid any attention to the mediums who profess to receive communications from departed spirits, have been struck with the trivial character of their utterances.

They tell nothing worth knowing. Even believers in Spiritualism are often disgusted with such gossip and twaddle.

Mr. A. R. Wallace, an eminent scientific man in England, a convert to Spiritualism, explains this fact in a curious way. He confesses that a large part of the communications are worthless, but adds that nothing better can be expected. "A very large majority of those who depart this life are persons addicted to twaddle;" and there is no transforming power in the grave to give them a delight in high and intellectual pursuits. These persons are the ones who communicate with our world. The higher order of souls find better employment, and are absorbed by interest in their new and grand existence.

But the lower order feels lonely in the new world, being unfit for intellectual employments; and it is a relief to them to have a gossip with old friends, and to renew their memories of a former life. This is a plausible explanation; but it is not complimentary either to the spirits in the other world or to the circles which gather so eagerly to listen to the twaddle.—*The Youths' Companion*, No. 50, Vol. 47.

Verily the writer of the above article has forgotten the rock on which the Church of Christ was and is built. Does not the whole institution of Christianity, from Rome to Adventism, from Adam to Jesus, rest upon "Spiritualism and twaddle"? Twaddle is another term for "verbal swash," which is another term for ministerial shallows, which is a light expression for want of brain. When found among men of God, means simply want of wisdom on the part of God in his choice of agents in carrying on and out his work in this world of twaddle.

Let us illustrate. "All who have paid any attention to the mediums who profess to receive communications from departed spirits, have been struck with the trivial character of their utterances." Let us weigh this quotation in the balance of comparative philosophy. The first statement made by every medium is this: I am controlled by the spirit of one once a human being and an inhabitant of this world, and I return as I left, an honest soul or a villain, with the door open for progress before me. This is trivial and twaddle.

The second statement is as follows: "If you live correctly here in this life, your future life will be a correct and practical one." Trivial and twaddle.

The third statement: "Progression is the rule and practice of life in this and the spirit world." These statements are trivial and twaddle.

Now let us look upon the other side of the question, and that side that the *Youths' Companion* considers sound and logical. The first proposition of the Christian religion is this: The moral, upright, progressive life of the individual in this world availeth him nothing in the spiritual world. Twaddle. The second proposition: The vilest wretch that was ever executed for crime is glorified, and becomes an angel of light and a councilor of God, if he professes Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Trivial and twaddle. The third proposition: "As a tree falleth, so it lies"; that is, there is no progression in the spirit world; hence all of Heaven's knowledge is the culminated wisdom of this world, or the man is changed completely, and the man of time is lost in the angel of eternity. Twaddle. The quotation from Mr. A. R. Wallace, of England, "A very large majority of those who depart this life are persons addicted to twaddle."

Will the *Youths' Companion* recognize the following class-meeting experience. Read and listen:

Class leader—"Sister, tell us what the Lord has done for you during the week."

Young sister (sobbing)—"I-I fe-fe-feel that the Lo-lo-lord has been very goood to me, He-he ha-has; and while I ha-ha-have almost sin-sinned the day of grace away, the-e-e-e L-o-r-d h-a-s b-e-e-n m-e-r-e-i-f-u-l to-to-me, He has; and, brothers and sisters, pray for me, that my soul may be sa-sa-saved" (all weeping), "for if I had my just deserts" (class leader—"Amen") "I should have been in hell long a go-o-o-o" ("Amen" all over the house);

"but I thank God that I am on praying ground, and that the Lord has spared me to meet with you here to-day." (Excitement on the wane, with a few groans that the subject yet lives.)

Class leader—"Strive on-n-n, sist-e-r; hol-lid-on to Je-e-e-sus yet a little longer, and all will be well, ah-h-h. Will brother P. tell us what the Lord has done for his soul?"

Brother P. (rising slowly, closing his eyes, and clasping his hands, tells the Lord something in this wise)—"A-a-a fe-e-e-el that-t-t-t the Lo-r-r-r-d ha-a-a-as been good to me, a sin-n-ner, and sa-a-a-a-ved my-y soul from hell." ("O, O, O, O," from all the class, with "Ah-men" from the leader.) Twaddle, all of it—godly twaddle, and swash.

Step into the love feast with us, and witness the following: See that fat old lady, full three-score years; behold her plying her ponderous limbs, like the what-is-it in a fulling mill, as well as throwing her arms in every direction, shouting at the top of her voice—"Oh! oh! I'm full! I'm full! I'm running over. Hold on, Lord! for I'm full, and can't hold'n nuther drop. Bless the Lord! I'm happy; and I will hold on ter Jesus till I'm clean in Heaven." Twaddle.

And now, dear *Youths' Companion*, you have many children who are members of Spiritual families among your readers, and who, on the whole, like you; but please don't throw dirt at things you know nothing about, for if you did you would not pander to the taste of one class of your readers at the expense of another class.

The great feature of Spiritualism is this: It lets every one go to eternity and return natural beings—as they left us so they will return. The class leader and his class, the young girl sobbing out a falsehood, the old Brother P. with his "A-a-a-ah, Lo-o-r-r-d," and mother R., of the love feast—"full, and can't hold'n nuther drop, Lord,"—will be the same in the spirit world they were here; and when they return will portray their oddities, peculiarities, and eccentricities. Twaddle.

There is progression and transformation in the grave and beyond the grave, or the grave is a lie. We place a form, once so beautiful, in keeping of the grave, and a few years later there is only a little black mould there. We call for the casket we deposited, and are pointed to the dust; we call for the jewel—the spirit of the casket—and are pointed to the sky, or spirit world; and our darling returns full of love, giving us joy, and you call it twaddle.

Again, you say, "The higher order of souls find better employment." How is this fact ascertained? through "twaddle"? If so, then blessed be "twaddle;" for faith and revealed religion gives us no such tidings. It is twaddle "to gossip with old friends and renew their memories of a former life." In Spiritualism all "enter life," and those who "keep the commandments" are superior, and those who do not are inferior. The Spiritualists save themselves. The Christians have to be saved. Our God, a spirit worshiped in spirit and truth, is quite sufficient to save all humanity. It takes one God, and three Holy Spirits, and all the angels, to save a Christian, besides a big Devil to help—and then it is mighty hard work. "Twaddle" and "verbal swash."

WHEREAS. We learn that Captain Edward H. Green, of Jeffersonville, Indiana, a lecturer, and his wife, Lizzie Shirley Green, a clairvoyant, contemplate devoting their future energies to the cause of Spiritualism; and

WHEREAS, They have rendered, for the past two months, such valuable services to the cause in this place, causing many to see and recognize the truth as revealed by modern Spiritualist in manner, to-wit:

First, By the powerful, eloquent, and persuasive addresses of Brother Green.

Second, By the public seances given by Mrs. Green at the conclusion of each lecture, enforcing conviction by the very fine tests she gives.

We therefore, the Spiritualists and free independent thinkers of New Albany, Ind., in public meeting assembled do, in justice to the above named parties and in the interest of truth and free inquiry,

Resolve, That we cordially and earnestly recommend Captain E. H. Green of Jeffersonville, Ind., as an earnest and able advocate of Spiritualism, and eminently worthy the position of a public teacher thereof; and further, that we regard and recommend Sister Green as a truthful, sincere, and honest worker in the cause, and possessed of extraordinary powers as a seeress. We commend them to the Spiritualists everywhere as valuable acquisitions to the army of co-workers already in the field.

We do furthermore request the *Banner of*

Light, Religio-Philosophical Journal, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and other papers friendly to Spiritualism and free thought, to give publicity to the foregoing in their respective journals.

Done at New Albany, Ind., Dec. 27, 1874.
Attest: John Kemble, Ezra Dennis, L. L. Pullen, H. A. DePew, C. Winterstein, T. T. Barnett, Joseph Wattam, L. Wallace, et al. Jeffersonville, Ind., Jan. 1, 1875.

[We cheerfully give place to this endorsement of Bro. Green and his good wife. Will Bro. G. reciprocate the favor and send us subscribers. Our paper is the true friend of all honest and worthy workers. We are in truth what we claim for our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.—ED.]

IS HE DEAD, PLAIN D. B. TURNERY?

When in Greenville, in December, 1873, we held a discussion with Prof. Hughey. At that discussion we gained a great victory. Among the ministers present was this Turney, whose name appears to the contract below. He was very much dissatisfied with the results of the discussion, saying frequently, "Bro. Hughey conceded too much," and if he could have had the handling of the case the results would have been otherwise. We paid but little attention to him or his boasting. We spoke again in Greenville in June last, and Mr. D. B. Turney was at our meeting. He again urged his claim to be heard, thinking that he could retrieve his friend Hughey's defeat and turn it into a victory. We again put him off, until he came forward, boastfully saying he had held several written discussions, and that he had never lost a case. He further stated: "I have come forty miles to meet you, and for the purpose of arranging for a discussion, and do not like to be put off. You may think from my beardless face and youthful appearance, that I lack experience. If this is so, you are mistaken, for I am older than I appear, and besides, I am Presiding Elder in this district; hence, worthy."

We then entered into the following contract:

GREENVILLE, ILL., June 21, 1874.
We, the undersigned, agree to discuss through the columns of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, in twelve articles, the following propositions: First, *Resolved*, That the Bible, "King James' version," sustains and parallels modern Spiritualism, in its phases, phenomena and teachings. Wilson affirms, Turney denies. Second, *Resolved*, That Jesus Christ was and is God in every essential, infinite and eternal, through whom alone man can be saved. Turney affirms, Wilson denies. The discussion to commence in No. 6, vol. 1. Each letter not to exceed in length two columns of printed matter. We agree to be governed by parliamentary rules in this controversy.

E. V. WILSON, Lombard, Ill.
D. B. TURNERY, Greenville, Ill.

On the back of this contract is written the statement of Mr. Turney, in these words:

"Is an Elder of the Methodist church of the South Illinois district, a writer of considerable ability on baptism, etc."

This is the third time we have contracted to hold discussions with these men of God, and each time they have backed out, and that, too, without any reasonable excuse. We now say to them, you must hereafter give security for your appearance, for your word or bond is not worth one cent, when it conflicts with what you consider God's claim.

We put in our appearance, made our declaration, and that, too, in number six. But where is plain, honest D. B. Turney? The last we heard of him he had written to *The Truth Seeker* for help. Well, well, things have come to a pretty pass when the ministers of God have to appeal to a materialistic journal for help to overthrow a Spiritualist at work. Exit Turney, to join the ring that sing the praise of sweet Katie King, vide the Holmeses.

The *Crucible*, full of sharpness; cutting right and left, hitting hard, lies on our desk. How true it is that like begets like. Do we not all know that the Brothers Hull came out of that pugnacious people, the Second Adventists, and their cry from Wm. Miller to Miles Grant is, and has been, "Fire! fire!! hell-fire and damnation," with no charity or mercy.

God is angry; hence his peculiar people must be angry. Well, Brother Hull, we must be natural, all of us, and it takes a good while to get "the old Adam" out of "the Egyptian Moses."

M. M. Toucy, Versailles, N. Y., sends us \$2 for one subscriber, and words of encouragement for our paper. Thanks, Brother, will you continue this good work? Let others be inspired to do likewise.

SPIRITUALIST AT WORK:

Mr. Editor: Your paper came to me unsolicited; but I should have been glad to become a subscriber but for what I consider your unjust misrepresentation of Mrs. Woodhull and her teachings, for in her I see a woman pure and noble, who shrinks not from the scorn and contempt of the world, nor of those, even, who should be her friends and sustainers in the grand and great work of reform that is wearing away her life; whose neglect and unjust treatment she feels with all the sensitiveness of her woman's nature, while the cause she advocates is living true lives, to result in intellectual, moral, and physical perfection in coming generations. Therefore, while I would gladly help you in your efforts to sustain your paper, were it more impartial in its judgment of reformers, I must, on the other hand, respectfully beg you to take my name from your list of subscribers.

Enclosed find fifty cents, to pay expense of sending the paper for three months, which is about the time I have received it.

Yours respectfully,

CELIA HILL.

East Cleveland, O., Jan. 4, 1875.

REMARKS.—Above we publish Sister Hill's letter, for the reason that we like it. There is pluck in it, and it speaks for itself.

We do not worship at the shrine of Mrs. Woodhull; never have; never shall. We have no quarrel with her or her family, and have never abused her in any way, nor do we intend to. Our work is unlike, and each working out the task allotted for them to do. Mrs. Woodhull's editorial, in her paper of November 7th and January 9th, are received, and carefully digested, and may receive our attention in good time, but not until we are ready. But, Sister Hill, you believe in perfect freedom, and exercise it in withdrawing your name (which, by the way, was given to us either by yourself or some friend when we were in Cleveland last summer) from our list of subscribers. This is right; but is it not a little absurd in you in getting offended at us for expressing our freedom? Have we not as much right to reject Mrs. Woodhull as you have to endorse her. Say, sister, has not your judgment been swamped in the quagmire of enthusiasm for this idol of yours? We have no idols, hence see things in their true light. We admire the talent of Mrs. Woodhull; we refuse to "believe in Victoria C. Woodhull and her crucified." We opposed those that persecuted and imprisoned her, as we oppose all and every species of oppression; and if under the same circumstances she should again be cast into prison, we would come to her rescue, as we did once before. We forfeited the friendship of S. S. Jones, Esq., because we refused to close our platform against Mrs. Woodhull and her friends. We now forfeit your friendship and lose your patronage because we dare say to the world that we do not endorse Mrs. Woodhull's specialties. We quote from her friends—those papers she endorses—and her friends fly the track. Where is our "perfect freedom"? We know where yours is, good Sister Hill.

Readers, contrast the following letter with the one from Sister Hill; both able, both criticising our work; one enthused with an idol, the other, in the calm judgment of one that reads carefully, concludes accordingly. Sister Hill flies off at an angle in spleen because we do not sink our manhood in worshiping an idol; the other respecting us for our manly, straightforward course. That Mrs. Woodhull wishes to quarrel with us is quite evident; but one thing can be fully relied on: when we answer her it will be with argument, and not abuse. That we hit the *Weekly* hard in our article "Out in the Cold," is evident, or there would not be such a hubub.

"Let us have peace," and live in the exercise of "perfect freedom":

COLUMBUS, IND., December 15, 1874.

Friend Wilson: To say I appreciate your efforts to benefit humanity, conveys but a fraction of my sentiments.

I have been a silent observer of the persecutions you have labored under, and rejoice more than words express to learn you avoid personal slurs on others' motives or character. Such, to my perception, shows you to be a true man, aye, a courteous gentleman, if others do differ with you in sentiment—the proof being in kind words found in THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Did I not think a few thoughts not stultified would be considered fourth or fifth rate, I might offer them occasionally; but feeling them crude, I must wait further development.

Yours, for the spread of truth and charity,

A. B. CHURCH.

Brevities and Comments.

P. W. S., Sacramento, Cal. Your letter of the 29th ult. received, containing remittance and list of subscribers all right. Accept thanks, and continue helping on our work.

Abner Dwelly, Lake City, Minn., writes: "Enclosed subscription for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. We have had no lectures here this winter, except Mr. Underwood, who gave six, with small audiences, but well liked. The State missionaries have not been here this winter—may come in the future. We have fine, cold weather, no snow. We like your paper."

Thanks, Bro. D. We appreciate the subscription, but far more the kind words. Please call on the brethren and get up a club of ten for the year 1875, and we will break bread and drink coffee with you the first opportunity we have. *Selah!*

R. R. Sherwood, Algonquin, Ill. All right—money received. You are good for No. 38. Tell Mr. Phillips to subscribe also, and every other honest man in Algonquin, and we will have a long list of subscribers.

We thank Mr. P., Middlebury Center, Pa., for remittance and subscription. Go on, you are doing well, and at this rate we shall soon publish a weekly.

Dr. C. P. Sanford, Iowa City, Iowa. We are in receipt of your letter. We like its plain spirit. We always write as we feel, and we do feel that after what we done at DesMoines, three years ago, that the Iowa Spiritualists asked too much of us and too little of others, and we refuse to comply. Will write you as soon as we have time. We are working eighteen hours out of every twenty-four. Let us hear from you.

Wm. M. E., Greenville, Ill. Letter received—thanks for words of cheer, and thanks for subscription. Tell Sister E. to do so again. May her shadow never grow less.

A. W. McC., Beaver Dam. Your letter is at hand. All who love the truth like THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Will send you sample copies. Have written full directions. Help us all you can.

S. Albertson, Sterling, Ill. Letter and subscription received. Thanks; all is well and our friends are coming to the rescue splendidly.

James H. B., Battle Creek, Mich. Your letter with postoffice order for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, on hand—papers sent. Try again, you are doing well.

R. B. Loubourn, Glen Hall, Pa. Send word of cheer. You have our sympathy in your trials. Angels keep you company and our risen sister on her way in spirit life.

A. Cook, Milan, Ill. Your letter with remittance on hand. Bro. David is right, we will do as he says. Tell him to get others to do as you have, and you help him. Will Bro. David get Walter K. and Dr. T. to send us just such a letter as you have. We like them.

E. H. Green. Letter received and attended to. Please act as agent and get subscribers.

J. A. C., Nashville, Tenn. Your letter of the 27th of December duly received, contents noted. I cannot visit your place this winter—time all taken. I do not know of any one who would meet your wants. See the recommend of E. H. Green, Jeffersontown, Ind.

A. S., Allegan, Mich. Can't come before next spring. Will write you when, but not on terms mentioned. Our work goes bravely on.

C. W. Stewart writes us from Broadhead, Wis., that he has been very sick; has been for some time. Our friends will remember him with the helping hand. He is worthy. How we need a home for our people who may be sick or unable to work, and if we live ten years there will be a Medium's Home, for those of our number who may need it.

O. B. Hazeltine, Mazomanie, Wis., writes: "I am much pleased with your paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Enclosed find post-office order for same." Well, brother, you are sound on the subject. Get sister and brother to take it. There is nothing mean in it.

I. Shumway, Philadelphia, sends words of cheer, and speaks well of Bro. Morse, who spoke there during December last. Thanks, brother, for subscription to our paper. Tell Mrs. S. to continue the good work.

A. A. Davis, Arcola, Iowa. We cannot visit Iowa this winter; will next spring and summer if spared.

Wm. McDermitt, Cincinnati. Your letter of the 12th of November was received and answered. Directed according to orders, and returned from dead letter office. Can't you get us up a club of subscribers in your city.

D. G. Hester, Alliance, O., writes: "Enclosed find \$2. I am well pleased with your paper, and shall do all I can to help the circulation." Thanks, Bro. H.; you and I are of the same mind, and trust we may continue so for all time, so far as our paper may be concerned.

Bro. R. C. Richardson writes us that he is on the wing soliciting donations to relieve him of the debt resting on their hall at Omro, Wis. It is a worthy object, and we trust the Spiritualists of Wisconsin will heed his appeal for help. He is also selling a fine photographic view of their hall. He will take subscriptions for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Spiritualists, help him all you can.

There are many other letters on hand, which will be attended to hereafter.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

OUR TOUR IN MICHIGAN.

From Corinth to Lowell, via Grand Rapids, by rail, a distance of thirty miles, we traveled on Saturday, Dec. 5. The country is a good farming one, and is rapidly settling up. We spoke in Lowell, Kent county, three times, and gave one matinee. Lowell is a lively town, situated on the north side of Grand river and both sides of Flatt river. Lowell had in 1870, 1,503 inhabitants; has now about 2,000. It is a lively town, full of vim, and is surrounded with a fine farming country.

There are a good many Spiritualists in and about Lowell. They have organized a society. Dr. M. N. Purple, president. We tarried with Daniel Rhines, the hotel keeper at the depot—a true man, and "knows how to keep a hotel." Mrs. Rhines, his helpmate, is as well worthy of the name good, as is Daniel. They are both true and good. The president, Dr. Purple, has a good practice as a physician, and understands her business. She makes a first-rate president, and we like her. Bro. Goodsell, of Fallsburgh, near Lowell, is a first-rate healer and medium, working without price or pay. Would that we had more such men in the field. Sister Hamilton, of Port Huron, a good test medium, is now stopping at Lowell, and will accept calls to speak or give tests. We heard her well spoken of as a test medium; in fact, two or three told us that through the test of spirit life given by her they were converted to Spiritualism. We trust she may be kept at work. Christians need converting.

We gave many fine tests at Lowell, over one hundred that were fully identified, and on closing our meetings we were invited to come again. The following tests are a few of the many we gave, and are worthy a place in the columns of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

No. 1. To a stranger: There is behind you a stalwart Indian, and he speaks in the Indian tongue to you. The words are, as near as we can pronounce them, as follows: "Ugh, neen cowene kaket nichenawby." The gentleman said he fully understood what was said, and the words were spoken in pure Chippewa. Much more was said which we cannot report, not understanding the Chippewa tongue.

No. 2. To an Adventist: We gave his habits of life, incidents, and traits of character, as well as antecedents of family, all of which was pronounced "as straight as a string." We saw two men with him; one said he "was killed by the fall of a tree, five years ago this winter;" the other that he "was drowned when log driving, six years ago next spring," and that they knew Mr. Stevens and had worked for him. These spirits were not identified by Mr. S.

No. 3. To a stranger, not a Spiritualist: There is in your history this fact: When your mother was married, there was strong opposition to her marriage on the part of her family to you father, and the marriage estranged a

part of her family from her, and the breach has never been bridged. "There is truth in your statement," said the man.

No. 4. To a woman: There is with you a spirit woman, with whom you were a pet and a great favorite when a child. This woman was an aunt of yours on the mother's side; was taller than you and would weigh full two hundred and forty pounds; was very fair, had blue eyes and dark hair. What do you know of her?

Answer.—"My mother had a sister such as you have described. She has been dead many years, and I was her favorite. I remember her well."

No. 5. To Mr. Z. H.: There is with you a woman—if living to-day would be five and thirty years old. She is good looking and died young. She is not larger than this lady sitting here. Then fully described her. There was an attachment for you from her, and to-day she evinces a feeling akin to love—conjugal love, for you. Was she your wife?

Answer.—"No, she was not, but I know who she was; and you are right in all things save one, and that is in regard to her age."

Much more in history we told this man, all of which he confirmed, saying: "I do not believe as this man does, but these things are so."

No. 6. To one whose name we did not know or learn, and of whom it was said that he was a Baptist. After reading his character and giving dates in his life, we said, there is here with you two spirits. The first was murdered sixteen years ago this fall, and says that you know or believed who done it, and further informs me, that you are right. The second spirit is a man and holds in his hand a package of papers. These papers are to-day in the hands of a woman and man, who are detaining them against your will and to your detriment. These papers cover property that should be yours, and are missing. We hold this man that presents these papers to be your father. The man stood up, saying: "It is true, every word of it."

No. 7. To an old lady who sat by an old man: We see a light in the form of a bow over your head, thus (drawing a curve in the air as we saw the bow). In the center of it there are three faces of children, two boys and a girl. These children died in infancy, and long ago. The old man knew nothing of them. The old lady stated that she had buried five children, and three of them, two boys and a girl, in infancy. She then got up, stepping to a lady who stood near the platform, and was talking to her, when there came and stood by her the spirit of an old man. He was some sixty years old, gray and stooping. Otherwise fully describing. Then we said, if we saw this man with you in life we should call you husband and wife.

The old lady replied: "I married sixty years ago, and my husband is living to-day, and I have never had anything to do with any other man. You are entirely mistaken."

We turned to the ladies and gentlemen, saying, this is a failure, the woman does not recognize this man. Subsequently we learned that the woman she was talking with was her daughter, and a widow, and that the old man we saw was her daughter's husband, and that the description was a good one. Was it a failure, dear reader? We think not, and yet we account it.

We gave many other fine tests at Lowell, and bade them good by.

Common Sense, issued weekly at San Francisco, Cal., on every Saturday—a 16 page paper full of free thought and true Spiritualism. This is one of our best papers; let it be sustained. We welcome it as a true and tried friend. The Slocums are workers, and we trust they will succeed—office 236 Montgomery St.

The fall of Lucifer, and the fall of Henry Ward Beecher—a sermon by Rev. A. M. Worden, of South Bend, Ind., 16 pages, paper; price 25 cents. This pamphlet is readable, and Prof. Worden is a good and deserving man, and ought to be kept at work. He may be addressed at South Bend, Ind. Send for his sermon and read it.

We are reading the *Heathens of the Heath*, and we like it. D. M. Bennett, 335 Broadway, has it for sale. We should have had it long ago, according to promise. Why we have not failed yet, Bro. Bennett.

E. W. Baldwin, Milwaukee, writes encouragingly. That is right; never say die.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.

(Continued from page 115.)

As the eagle's scream calls his fellows to the carcass, so Salathiel's hoarse voice gathered the sons of God, ready equipped, to devour with burning rage the two puny children of earth. I was about to flee in dismay. Who should be able to restrain this vast multitude from glutting their revenge? Father himself paled before their fierce rage. Amid the din of screeching horns and screaming trumpets, mingled with the deafening roar of discordant voices, Ariel planted his feet upon the rock of ages; pent-up thunders crowned his brow, while vivid lightnings flashed from his eyes; in his right hand gleamed the sword of truth, while his left grasped the staff of integrity. Like the raging billows of the restless ocean before the sweeping blast of the north wind, the surging waves of the angry tumult rolled back beneath the power of his resistless words: 'Why will ye prostitute your high calling to the base service of Intrigue? why cast down Wisdom to be trodden under foot of Folly? must Charity be lashed into submission, a slave to foul Malice? Even to-day your turbulence has caused the very foundations of Heaven to tremble. Let the pent-up storm of your wrath burst with all its fury, and I will not say that our strong tower shall withstand the shock. Our father hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay it"; if we wrest the septre from our sovereign's hand, the power that holds us in our high place will be broken, and outraged Order, to vindicate his honor, will hurl us the lowest depths of Chaos. Are ye so devoid of sagacity, that ye have forgotten Prudence? know ye not that Wisdom provides the faithful with deliverance from evil? know ye not that exclusion is preferable to destruction? Guard well the tree of life that the touch of man pollute it not. Though man have knowledge, if he have not immortality he does not equal the gods.'

"So wonderful was the change that Ariel's words wrought in the minds of his hearers, that they fain would fall down and worship him; but he touched them with his staff, saying: 'Are ye beside yourselves? arise and listen to the voice of our father.' Father's voice was but the faint echo of Ariel's thunder peals: 'O Ariel, my son, thou art endowed with the wisdom of my former days. Who will go to Eden to preserve the purity of the tree of life?' In response, Justus and Virtus came forward, hand in hand: 'We will go, dear father, if Ariel will attend and defend us.' Ariel at once descended from the rock; to Justus he gave his sword, and to Virtus his staff. When I saw this, I hastened away. I had not come far, however, when Charon overtook me; he will give you some additional particulars."

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE MORAL RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

The devil is not a spirit, nor is he matter; He is nothing but senseless religious smatter. The Christian's devil is but a Christian preacher's lie, Just like their brimstone hell, whose smoke ascendeth high.

Evil is the opposite of good. The devil is opposed to God. If you wish to know the character of the devil of any religious people, you must learn the character of the God they have made or adopted. If he is a jealous God, who is angry every day, and deceiving people by sending lying prophets to them, then their devil is not jealous, angry, or false. And if their God speaks in parables, and makes a false impression on the minds of his hearers, as God the Son did, when he told them he would rebuild the temple in three days if they would tear it down, their devil speaks plainly the truth, and will not deceive or lie. When this God said to the multitude before him that they were the children of their father, the devil, he replied, no; this multitude are not my children, they are the children of nature's God, and you know this to be true if you know anything about it.

Many people say the above is not a fair representation of the God of the Christian Bible. I think it is. There is a little evidence that something they called the New Testament was written in the first century of the Christian era, but many changes were made before the authors of the present Bible wrote their copies, two or three centuries after, and the preachers who did write it are pronounced liars by every good historian of that period, whether Christian or infidel. This was the fountain that

produced the Bible, and it is no better than these authors. And the Christians who have been guided by it have not been any better, nor even as good, as the authors, for they have added to their lies murders, when they got the power. They have said astronomers and chemists were instigated by the devil, and now our spirit friends who come and tell us the truth, they call devils. Would any persons do that unless the God they worship was addicted to falsehood?

Mr. E. V. Wilson said in our conference, knowledge is God; ignorance is the devil. Mr. E. W. Stevens agreed with him. This was the shortest expression of the Spiritualist's view of the subject. But to express it more definitely, knowledge is the highway to good; ignorance is the highway to evil. By either expression God and devil are principles, not persons; but the historic devil is a person, a fallen angel, man, or serpent; and it is a curious fact that the serpent is said to be the most subtle of all beasts, and is used as an emblem of wisdom by all the Christian and Pagan nations. So the historic devil represents knowledge and wisdom, and the historic God ignorance and folly. We must expect barbarous laws and usages to prevail as long as snakes represent wisdom on the national and religious escutcheons of the people. If Spiritualists never do more than to wipe out such loathsome emblems, they will be remembered as the greatest saviors and reformers of this age.

What are the known facts about the existence of the devil? Absolutely nothing is known of him as a person. The lies of religionists, and the unjust laws of nations, are the biggest devils in existence. They have been united in past ages to murder mediums, and to denounce the purest spirits of heaven, as evil spirits or devils. God may be required to energize the laws of nature, and cause the growth and decay of all vegetable and animals, but we do not find any evil laws in nature that require a devil to energize, and as there is no use for him, and he has not made himself known by personal appearance, we think he does not exist as a real, tangible, personal enemy of mankind.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
OPTIMISM.

The theory that everything in nature is ordered for the best, or the order of things in the universe is adapted to produce the most good to organized beings. Order is undefinable and illimitable. Nature's laws are ordered right and sure. The aphorism of Pope, that whatever is is right, or whatever is is of necessity. The doctrine of optimism is most clearly taught in the Protestant Bible, in the following declarations: "All things shall work together for good," and "No good thing will He withhold from the upright." Foreordination, decrees, and eternal predestination was proclaimed by the so-called inspired writers most positively. "I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil, and I, the Lord, do all these things."—Isaiah, xlv, 7. I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever. Nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it—God doeth it.

As right and wrong, good and evil, sin and holiness, are only comparisons, or, more properly, hypothetical sayings, the universe, nature and the world, the whole or parts of everything, can only be spoken of comparatively or hypothetically. We cannot possibly conceive of ultimates or finalities, the beginning or the end of things, in an absolute sense. Things are correlated together, and move by absolute law, in harmony. Calvinism in theology, fatalism in science, or optimism in philosophy, are not the most pleasant theories taught from the pulpit or rostrum. But the time has fully come when we must learn that we only know things by comparison, and in a very limited degree of positiveness. Hypothetical reasoning is about all we can do. Nature, universe, eternity, beginning, ending, world, whole, ultimates, finalities, and creation, as terms, can only be understood as in a limited sense. They are all beyond and unknowable to mankind. As matter or substance is correlated in its forms from the protoplasm, or its most infinitesimal minuteness, up to the largest world in the heavens. But as space is boundless, duration incomprehensible, and the universe illimitable, we read a very wise Bible saying: "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor?" Who is

sufficient for these things, to span the universe, or know a *God*. Contentment of mind is true enjoyment, and optimism is the Rock of Ages for the poor, weary traveler, tossed on the waves of the rough ocean of life.

Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,
Yet one secures us, whatever besides—
Optimism assures us the Lord will provide.
So mote it be.

T. H. STEWART.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

REPLY TO FRIEND TINNEY.

Your idea "the governing powers of the universe are derived from the governed," or from the earth, with its beasts, birds, fishes, insects and *humanity*, may be powerful reasoning in your estimation, but is weak in mine. You class as "idol worshipers" all who do not assent to your views, which makes them benighted fools! Can you prove this? Is it charitable and just? Is it true?

Suppose *Life* to be the name for supreme power, it governing all things and worlds, then the moment you deny it you deny "solids, fluids, and gas are convertible," by any power, "into each other," and that all things and worlds made themselves, without any power—*aye, have grown into existence without any life!* Does not air, light, odor, gas, magnetism, electricity, *mind*, and other *invisible* substances pervade all nature? To deny it, is to deny evident facts, and as you deny any supreme power, the burden of proof devolves plainly on you to make your assertions truthful.

If mind is not distinct from matter, the conclusion is irresistible, when the body dies, all consciousness is buried in eternal oblivion. Spirits inform us "*mind is distinct* from the matter surrounding it in earth life, it taking to itself new particles in spirit life." If mind exists at all, after the body dies, it must exist separate and distinct from the body, for the body moulder away to dust, etc. You talk of organic law, and "high powers derived from low," or strong from the weak, is it? Strange logic this. Where or what is the proof? Produce it if you can, for it will be worth more than mere assertion. You ask "why spirit should be an exception to your rule?" Well, if you make your rule that nothing can have life unless by and according to "your rule," would you not manifest more wisdom to avoid inconsistency? For my part, I make no pretense to know all, or hardly a fraction, and only offer my convictions, as also the idea, "that eye hath not seen, the ear heard, or the heart of man" conceived, the joy those experience that love and welcome truth and consistency, in preference to darkness and eternal unconsciousness in the grave, that awaits all humanity. Hoping you may strive for more charity and truth is the wish of yours,

Most respectfully, A. B. CHURCH.
Columbus, Ind., Dec. 10, 1874.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 6, 1874.

MY FRIEND AND THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: We have finished a course of five lectures here, and leave to-morrow for Denver and Ogden. We have met with success here—had good houses and respectful attention. On Friday evening we gave a lecture on the subject of Intemperance, its causes and cure. All day Friday a certain man reported about town that we had given the same lecture at Denver, and was not well received, but was insulted while speaking by low remarks from the audience. It so happened that a gentleman informed me on Saturday of the report, and on Saturday evening we gave our social lecture to a full house; and before we commenced we informed the audience of the report of our insult at Denver, which was false, and called on the man if he was present to come forward and make the statement to the audience in our presence, for we always preferred to face our enemies; and as we did not give that lecture, or any other on temperance, the man must stand condemned who had made the report. The man was there, but dared not, or at least did not, show his head above the mass of people who were anxiously waiting; but a gentleman told us after the lecture that the guilty party sat near him and dropped his head, seemed very restless during the evening, and went hastily out as soon as the lecture closed.

There are a few earnest souls here who work with a will, and an earnestness that must win the race in the future. Among these brave ones

stands first, Mrs. S. R. Stevens, who has been a faithful and earnest worker for years in the field of reform, and the same who faced the bearded lion in his den, and politely informed him he could stop sending that obscene sheet, the *R.-P. Journal*, to her address. Whereupon the virtuous lion began to rave about licentious men and prostitutes. Mrs. S. heard him through, and then frankly replied, "Sir, the difference is *very small* in my estimation, as far as virtue is concerned (*allowing all you have said to be true*), between those parties and a man living not far from Chicago." The "pure Spiritualist" ceased his ravings and meekly replied, "I don't claim to be perfect." The result is Mrs. S. has not been troubled since with that obscene sheet, and you find her name among the subscribers we send you for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. You will remember this lady when you call to mind your stay at Eau Claire, Wis., at the home of Martin Daniels.

We wish to inform our many friends, through your paper, that we are well received wherever we stop, and always leave many dear friends at every point where we lecture. But with all our success we feel a quickening of spirit when we recall the old true and tried friends of Michigan and other States; especially the home of Farmer Mary.

We send you five new subscribers for your paper, which you will forward with back numbers to the following address. Write me at Ogden if you receive all right.

MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

LETTER FROM DR. CLEVELAND.

HOUSTON, Texas, Dec. 9, 1874.

FRIEND WILSON: I find you SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is working its way to the Sunny South, and is commanding its share of attention. Your article in No. 9, on Social Life Reform and the Family Circle, has placed you right before the people. The impression has gone out almost everywhere in the West and South that you were not sound on the monogamic question. I have worked hard wherever I have been to disabuse their minds of these erroneous ideas. I have watched you closely for the last six or seven years, for I have met you often in many towns and cities, in different States, and have always found you a one woman's man, and that woman was always Mrs. Wilson, of Lombard, Ill. Those who live in glass houses should never throw stones. Whoever undertakes to build up their reputation at the expense of another, who is doing all in his power for the good of the same cause, will surely regret it in time. Now, I believe you have done as much as any one man in the West and South to build up the cause of Spiritualism, and if your life is spared a few years longer, and the people will come up and do the half their duty by you, it will be but a short time before THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK will be on a sound footing, and the Spiritualists everywhere will thank the good angels for it.

There is one of the finest materializing mediums in this city that I have ever met. He is a young man, less than eighteen years old, and has been developed in less than a year. He allows skeptics to sit on either side and hold his hands all through the seance. They (the spirits) will move things about the room, pat and caress you in many ways, with the light partly turned down; but in the dark, the manifestations are truly wonderful. They will materialize, come and put their arms around their friends, tell their own names, call to mind many things that transpired when they were in the form. Many spirits, when they materialize the first time, are so overjoyed at meeting their friends, you can hear them talk, sob and cry for joy. They will allow you to handle them in many ways, scratch their finger nails against yours, bring water in a goblet, put it square to the mouth, tip it up as you drink, until it is all gone, then get more, give others, and sit the goblet on the mantle beside the pitcher; take the house-dog, put him on the table, take him off again; play on musical instruments in any part of the room you tell them to; lift up different ones, chair and all; lights are seen in different parts of the room, hands are illuminated and seen plainly by all. Many other things are done to satisfy doubting ones. These seances are kept very quiet at present. The medium holds a place of trust, and is fearful if it was known by his employers he would have to give up his business. I think, however, it will not be long before he will have to

come before the people, or else the spirits will leave him.

I am going to New Orleans in a few days, and will visit two little girls—they are splendid physical mediums. I will post you of their doings, and how the cause is progressing in the Crescent City. I shall do all I can to help THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, for I feel sure there is something good for it in the future.

DR. WM. CLEVELAND.

LETTER FROM C. W. STEWART.

Greeting to the readers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. After a protracted illness of forty days, I can once more wield the pen. Thanks, first, to Dr. Carlton, of Darien, and secondly, to the hosts of kind friends who have given me their sympathy and substantial aid. May the angels bring each and every one of them the choicest blessings, chief of which will of course be good health.

Right here I wish to say a word concerning the above mentioned Dr. Carlton. The doctor is a young man of fine abilities, and understands his business most thoroughly. He believes in the great truth, that as the human race advances, medical practice should keep step with that advancement. Consequently he is a firm advocate of Hydropathy and Hygiene. He has established a Hygienic Institute at Darien, where the afflicted can find relief, and I cordially recommend him as a good physician and an honorable gentleman.

I am now at Broadhead, situated on the east side of Green county, and named after a great railroad celebrity. It is one of the most beautiful villages in Southern Wisconsin; has a population of over 1,500; two flouring mills, a planing mill, plow factory, one newspaper, and does a thriving mercantile business, being in the center of the best tobacco region in the State; and best of all, there is a goodly number of very harmonious Spiritualists, with a sprinkling of free thinkers, all wide awake.

While at Darien, I had the pleasure of listening to two lectures by the coming orator of the West, Cephas B. Lynn, and for eloquence and power I never heard his equal. Everybody ought to hear Cephas.

Hoping soon to be able to use tongue as well as pen, I remain yours for the cause of humanity.

C. W. STEWART.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 6th, my wife and I attended a lecture on the science of Spiritualism, by Professor Guernalla, at Concert Hall. He spoke about half an hour, both for and against our philosophy, and seemed to be talking so as to please all sides and praise himself. He said that there might be some genuine spirit manifestations, but that nearly all the mediums he had seen were frauds, and that he could do everything they did himself, without any spirit help. The wonderful slate writing test he claimed was done by the medium having a small piece of pencil under his finger nail, and holding the slate under the table and writing on the under side of the slate himself. Of course it can be done that way, but you and I, and every one who has ever been at Dr. Slade's, know that he (Slade) has nothing to do with it. When I was there, I knew of that trick and was watching out for it. The slate was even written on when I held it alone, and without Slade touching it. (Guernalla said the crowning feat of all was the folded slate, which was said to be written on by spirits inside, in the light, without any one touching it. He spoke of a medium who was now traveling around who had a slate prepared so that when opened it was all clean and not a particle of writing to be seen, but opening it in a secret way it had two extra sides, all full of writing and signed by initials, and written in such a way that most people would think it was done on purpose for them, by their own spirit friends.) A skillful man could counterfeit slate writing in that way, so as to deceive any one who was not posted. I bought my own slate before going to see Dr. Slade. It was perfectly clean, and a tiny piece of pencil put inside, and I heard it write and know no visible being touched it. It was written all over inside, and I have the slate here now. It has only four sides, not eight, and is not a magic prepared slate.

After Guernella's lecture, he and his wife (a very pretty woman dressed in tights) called for a committee of two from the audience to tie them. There were two well known gentlemen chosen, but somehow there were three came on

the stage, the third one being a stranger, who seemed very anxious that they be tied extra tight, etc. Three solid iron rings were laid near the lady after she was tied. The gas was then turned out, and in a few minutes relighted, when behold the rings were all on the lady's arm, and she still tied. The stranger made a great fuss, and said he did not believe the spirits did it, for he could feel the lady's hands moving in the dark. The professor said: "Did I not tell you four times over that we used our hands, legs, and brains to get out," etc.

They imitated most all of the manifestations of the Davenports, Master Hough, etc., very well, and a great many people thought they really were genuine mediums; but all the aid they had was this stranger, who was their accomplice, and as soon as the light was out, did most of the wonders for them while they were tied. I would advise all honest investigators, when visiting any medium who is doubtful, or has Professor to his name, to watch his confederate more than the medium.

B. F. D.

Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1874.

FROM COLORADO SPRINGS.

DEAR SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: We have indeed enjoyed a feast of good things in the lectures given by Mrs. L. E. Drake, of Mich. And never any person more deserving of the good will of a community than this lady, who came to us a stranger, willingly devoting her time and talent to the good of humanity. And she will live long in the memory of us who then heard for the first time the truths of Spiritualism, based on the gospel of love.

Her lecture on "Intemperance, its Cause and Cure," is excellent, and the very large audience manifested their approval by an unanimous vote of thanks, inviting her to visit us again at an early date. We are sorry to part with her, and yet engagements in other places prevents her from speaking for us again at this time, but we have her promise to visit us next summer, when we hope to learn more of the beautiful truths of another world, the future of this life—a life of action, where there is something else to do besides standing before a great white throne, shouting glory to God. Would it not be well to have more real work, and less singing, shouting, and praying.

P. J. G.

de 21 mr E wilzen I ha ve 1874 lost a sum of 100 an 12 dollars my trunk has been broken open in may 24 while I was in eVenig meeting since you are such a noble medium I trust you will find out who took the money itex splain to me who took them make the ones that took the money to hand oVer the stolen money to me and I will pay you good Address Ann Wiliams

Arcp ley Po hardin Co Iowa

We give our readers a literary curiosity; the original manuscript we prize very highly. Mark Twain is nowhere, and Nasby has left the X roads—six years done and gone, next March. The spirit of the "Wider Bedot" must have been in the writer.

Dr. Hagar accounts for occasional discrepancies in the statements of different chemists in regard to the presence of starch in a sample of milk, by the peculiar property which lacto-protein substances possess of combining rapidly with iodine, and thus decolorize a solution of it. In consequence, no reaction for starch is obtainable until the milk is saturated, in this respect, with the iodine, and by accident a chemist may stop short of this point, and fail to get the reaction for starch.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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An Annual Meeting of the above organization will be held at the hall in the American Block, situated on Main Street, Buffalo, Saturday and Sunday, January 16th and 17th, and holding three sessions each day.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittan, Mrs. Eliza C. Woodruff, Rev. J. H. Hartert and Mr. Geo. W. Taylor are engaged as speakers, and others are expected, sufficient to make all the hours golden with interest and profit. Each local organization of Spiritualists in the State, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and Friends of Human Progress, may be represented by two delegates for each fifty members or fraction of that number above the first fifty. A general invitation however is cordially extended to all to attend.

A small admittance fee at the door will be required on Sunday, to help defray expenses.

Our Buffalo friends join with the officers of the organization in this cordial invitation, and will do what they can to entertain those in attendance from abroad. Let us have a full attendance this first meeting of 1875.

J. W. SLEAVER, President.

Mrs. LUCIA C. MILLER, Secretary.

Bro. M. M. Tousey, of Versailles, will receive subscriptions for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: 13 numbers for 50 cents, 26 numbers for \$1, 52 numbers for \$2.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Hammonton, N. J., Sept. 8, 1874.

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Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois.* Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us living truths, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

NOBLE LIVES.

There are hearts that never falter
In the battle for the right,
There are ranks that never alter
Watching through the darkest night.
And the agony of sharing
In the fiercest of the strife,
Only gives a nobler daring,
Only makes a grander life.

There are those who never weary,
Bearing suffering and wrong;
Though the way is long and dreary,
It is vocal with their song;
While their spirits in God's furnace,
Bending to His gracious will,
Are fashioned in a purer mould,
By His loving, matchless skill.

There are those whose loving mission
'Tis to bind the bleeding heart;
And to teach the calm submission
Where the pain and sorrow smart.
They are angels, bearing to us
Love's rich ministry of peace;
While the night is nearing to us
And life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who battle slander,
Envy, jealousy and hate;
Who rather die than pander
To the passions of earth's great;
And no earthly power can crush them;
Neither fear nor favor hush them.

These, these alone are truly great;
These are the conquerors of fate;
These truly live; they never die,
But clothed with immortality,
When they shall lay their armor down,
Shall enter and obtain the crown.

—Balance, August, 1874.

AIM AND OBJECT OF LIFE.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.—*Illa.*

What more fitting time than now, the beginning of the new year, for us all to enquire what our lives are, their aims and objects, and what to live is, and what we as individuals are living for. We are so apt to judge of each other's lives that we lose sight of what our own should be, and what *real* life is.

Let us review and see what has been our record for the past year. Our influence for good and evil has gone from us, out upon the sea of life, growing stronger each day, reaching even unto the eternal shore, never more to be recalled; and if for evil—the thought to us is more than we can express—we wish not to dwell upon it. If for good, we shall daily reap the reward that comes to each soul from living not unto ourselves, but for the highest good of all! Let *life* indeed be to us real and earnest, Let the aim and object of our lives be worthy of us; boldly assuming its duties and responsibilities, and nobly performing them—not those alone pertaining to our physical needs, but our inward soul life, our Spiritual growth, what of it? In order to know how to live we must first study into the *principles* of life and its forces, and the relation we as individuals bear to them. Let us search into the mysterious science of life, and solve it as far as it pertains to ourselves, saying unto our souls—know thyself, it is our right, let us claim it.

We stand to-day the ultimate of all nature's creative forces—the highest of all her works; and it is through us that this great work of creative life must be carried on. The poet says:

"Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example.
Nature revolves, but man advances; *both* eternal.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall forever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost."

Can we realize this truth and *live* in accordance with this divine law permeating all. Oh, the magnitude of this thought! and why do we, in our perversity and ignorance, ignore it? Failing to understand, and even when we have glimpses of the truth, we wait for others to proclaim and prepare the way, that we may steer our own bark, noiselessly following in the wake of those who have fought the battle of life and truth for us.

Shame on us that we thus leave to others what we must do for ourselves. Begin now to

review our lives and see ourselves as we are—part of the universal whole; and the aim and object of our life here should be to carry on through our individuality this great work of perfected humanity, realizing our magnetic relation to this creative force, and how to sustain it—recognizing in each grain of sand, the pebbles on the sea-shore, the drop of water, the crawling worm, and thus through all grades of animate and inanimate life, this hidden, mysterious life-principle, pervading all, culminating in us, and through the same law continuing its creative power to the spirit realm, and onward, upward still.

When we contemplate this fact, and know of truth that we are here upon earth to carry on still higher this work of creation, is it not meet we should lay aside all selfishness and ignorance, and aim to know how to live and what life is?—realizing its importance, having for our object the highest attainment possible to mortals, thus giving birth to an immortal, prepared to carry on still higher the design of nature's God from the beginning.

Let us as individuals keep pace with the march of progression; keep not in the background, but ever found in the front with our armor on, learning as we go the language of life as expressed in every flower and blossom upon our pathway.

Sisters, let this year mark an era in our lives. Courage, ye fainting ones, borne down by thy heavy burdens. The day of deliverance is near; the key of knowledge that comes to you now shall unlock your prison doors, and you shall stand forth in all the grandeur of individualized womanhood, prepared to know life as it is and to carry on in thine own soul the work of life that connects thee with the central forces of life in the eternal realm and ever onward. Let us know ourselves, and our relation to this life-principle governing all; 'tis our right. Let us claim, and aim to attain,

"Life only from within proceeds,
Evolving perfect whole."

**IRON RULE OF QUEEN GRUNDY,
AND HER COMMANDMENTS.**

Thou shalt worship no other god before me; obeying my commands in all things, even to the sacrificing thyself on my altar of fashion.

Thou shalt obey me in the adorning of thy person, from the covering of thy head to the sole of thy foot.

Thou shalt have no thought of thine own, but study my law and custom and be guided thereby in all things, showing no mercy to those who cannot keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take my name in vain, but at my shrine of fashion worship, ever keeping before you my law.

Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day, and keep it by putting on my latest regalia; thus adorning thy person with all the tire of thy servitude, and show unto all thy fidelity to my commands.

Six days in the week shalt thou labor with all thy young maidens, to enable thee to do me homage on the seventh or Sabbath day.

On the Sabbath day, with prayer-book in hand, go into my Church of God; and fail not to cast looks of scorn upon all whose adorning is not like unto thine own, for they have not served me as thou hast, even if in obedience to my law thou hast caused many to suffer.

Honor thy father and mother who do likewise; but unto those parents who fail to be my servants, having sacrificed all their substance to place you in my ranks, toiling early and late, and knowing not my laws, having only that of love to guide them.

To all such turn your back, and know them not, when in their love and simplicity they enter your marble fronts, expecting to find the loving hearts that left them in days gone by unshackled by my chains, and instruct thy children and servants to do likewise.

Thou shalt not kill; but broken hearts are not forbidden. Thou cannot be my follower if you fail in one jot or tittle in keeping my commandments. They are not written on tablets of stone, to be cast down and broken, but upon the tablets of thy soul.

Bound thus from generation to generation by prenatal influences, brave is the heart, and strong the hand, that dares to break my chains.

My slave thou art, oh, woman! and shall be till the spirit arises in thine own nature that will set you free from my laws that now bind thee fast.

That angel of deliverance, would you know, is spiritualized "woman," who wears no chains.

NEW BOOKS AND EXCHANGES.

"Immortelles of Love" was left on our table by the author, J. O. Barrett, who made us a short visit, while lecturing in our vicinity. We commend it to our readers as a work that will not fail to interest; the characters are faithfully and truly drawn. Buy and read for yourselves and friends. Price, one dollar. Published and sold by Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass. For sale also by the author at his home, Glen Beulah, Wis. We make one quotation:

"The soul elects, not the body; this is only its crystalline home to live in—the most beautiful thing in the universe."

"Maggie's Offering." A collection of songs by Maggie Sawyer; full of pathos and the true spirit of poetry. Buy it, and learn from a soul that has been tried as by fire how to endure all things. The poem, "Two Little Shoes," will reach every mother's heart who has laid a little form 'neath the grass and daisies. The offering is got up very neatly, and price within the reach of all—twenty-five cents. Let all remember, it will bring comfort to many a heart by having this little token of remembrance sent them.

No. 1 of the *Spiritual Magazine*, S. Watson, editor and publisher, Memphis, Tenn. One more link in the chain of facts to build up a Spiritual organization based on the wants of the many. Those who have read "The Clock Struck One, and Two" will not fail to sustain the author in this new enterprise. Published monthly; \$1.50 per year. Send him your names.

The Word is on our list of exchanges. It is full of brave thoughts; a progressive sheet. E. H. Haywood, Princeton, Mass. Price, seventy-five cents a year.

Woodhull & Claffin's Weekly, we received to-day, January 6, the first time as an exchange. Thanks for back numbers, which came from Nov. 7 up to date. We trust that the reduction in size is only temporary, and that it will have the support necessary to enable it to soon resume its former appearance. Every spoke in the wheel of progress is necessary to move onward the car of progression. Let none be weakened, but all move forward with equal strength, agreeing with all, in the basic principles of life, though differing with some in expression.

We are in receipt of "Social Life; a Story of the Times," by Marion Todd, 142 pages. When we have read it carefully, we will speak of it again. We have not any judgment to render, for we have not fully digested it. It is, as far as we have read, interesting.

The Truth Seeker, Banner of Light, Crucible, and Common Sense, make their regular appearance, replete with interest and progressive thought. Let all liberal papers and books be sustained, and the hands of those engaged in them held up. There is room for all. Let the people read, for nations are known by the songs they sing and the books they read.

Other exchanges will be duly acknowledged by M. E. W., home office, Lombard, Ill.

FIG COFFEE.—A coffee substitute of roasted figs has been in the market in Austria for ten years, and is also prepared at present in Berlin. Recent tests of it indicate that it possesses a more agreeable flavor than the chicory substitute and has thus far been brought into the market free from injurious adulterations, often present in chicory coffee. Sample from Berlin, in the form of a coarse brown powder, including yellowish particles, formed an adhering, slightly gummy mass on being lightly pressed between the fingers, and possessed a sweetish, bitter taste, like caramel, and a corresponding odor. Austrian samples, although mainly similar to the preceding, were slightly more pulvular, and of a sourish taste; which fact, together with the chemical analysis, render it probable that cheaper, inferior, perhaps spoiled figs, had been used in its preparation.

At its first introduction, wonderful medicinal properties were claimed for it in

Austria, especially in affections of the lungs, etc., and it was recommended for nervous persons. Although it may be serviceable in such cases, it can hardly be considered medicinal, and the Berlin manufacturer claims that it is more wholesome than pure coffee, because it is less stimulating. In all cases it is recommended to employ an equal quantity of pure coffee with the substitute, and the color of the product is said to be exceedingly fine, as well as the flavor.

He who sows the ground with care and diligence, attains to more religious merit than by the repetition of ten thousand invocations.—*Zoroaster.*

Flowers are the sweetest thing God ever made, and neglected to put a soul into.

Saws and Straws.

Man respires, aspires, and expires.

All things are but altered, nothing dies.

To understand truth, one must live it.

Truth is richer than Imagination; she oversteps it on all sides.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life has made so.

Be true to God and yourself, and you will be true to mankind.

A man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.

Friendship is a cadence of divine melody melting through the heart.

A child should never be made to suffer the agony of a parent's final condemnation.

Moonlight is like a ladder, over which thoughts and prayers may glide to heaven.

If the rose be called the queen of flowers, why not "charity" the rose of human virtue?

We may see, if we do but look, the shuttle of life flying to and fro in the tiniest morsel of living stuff.

To love and to labor is the sum of living, and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love.

Life is a constant sunshine, which death cannot interrupt any more than the night can swallow the sun.

"Cultivate not only the cornfields of the mind, but the pleasure grounds also," was a motto of Dr. Whateley's.

When there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?

On the carpet of verdure and flowers, in the midst of abundance, would God have cast a living being smitten with a curse?

In the voyage of life we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance.

Who is there that is not chained to some rock of the past, with the vulture of Memory tearing at his vitals, screaming forever in the ear of Conscience?

In every work of genius we recognize our own projected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this.

There is, back of all this alluring, perishing sight-world, is a realm of beauty and harmony, infinite and eternal, in which our invisible powers of love and thought, of memory and faith, are to live forever.

SONG OF FISHES.—It appears that out of more than 3,000 species of fishes, no more than fifty-two are at present known to produce sound. This contrasts most singularly with that which happens among the other four vertebrate classes, containing at least 12,000 species; for here every individual possesses a larynx—in other words, an organ of voice—and out of these those that are incapable of exercising the functions of this organ are a very small minority.

One Sunday, after the choir at Oberlin had sung without distinctly pronouncing the words, President Finney, in his prayer, alluded to the choir as follows: "O, Lord, we have sung an anthem to thy praise. Thou knowest the words, but we do not. We do pray thee that those who thus led us may open their mouths that we may know what they say, that we may join in thy praise. May they not mock thee and be heard of men. May they not offend thy people, or the house of God, by making a display of themselves."

The true home is always on the highest plane of life, and the man finds it not by uncaging the beasts that crouch in his blood, but by unfolding the wings of the angel in his heart and brain. A man's house is his castle; let him keep it in a knightly fashion, with true chivalric honor, keeping every vow sacred, and holding a shield like the canopy of justice over the weak and small. It is a castle if he keep it so; let him not make it a cage. Rather should he unite with his wife in making it the sweetest and happiest spot on earth, and so blessed that neither will care for heaven.—*Common Sense.*

How accurate and complete are the balances and compensations of Nature, both physical and moral. The base unfraternal act may not be rebuked at once; but somewhere, somehow, sometime, "The whirling of time brings round its own revenge." Requital for good or ill lurks in the Nemesis of fate. Blood of bullocks or of crucified men avail not. Ignorance is unforgiven, and blunders are crimes. Foolish mean thoughts, purposes, deeds, write a record on the countenance, and vitiate the moral magnetism, which being corrupted, invite the contagion of evil luck. There is no angry diabolical "Heavenly Father," but we reap as we sow; though none can tell in what season, or on what lot of land his harvest of tares, and wild oats must be harvested.—Selected.